

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,497, Vol. 96.

5 September, 1903.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The King's visit to the Emperor of Austria ended on Thursday and the latest of what the "Temps" calls the étapes in the series of journeys which he has made to Lisbon, to Rome, and to Paris, since his coronation has been, to say the least, as successful as the others. In general it may be said of all these visits "plus ça change plus c'est la même chose". Particular incidents vary, but essentially the ceremonial proceedings are the same. The appointment of the Emperor as Field Marshal in the English army seems to have been specially appreciated by the Viennese. King Edward's popularity too is always a prominent note in the correspondents' descriptions, and the Viennese press we are told is unanimous in declaring that never within recent years has the arrival of a foreign monarch been witnessed by so large a concourse of spectators nor welcomed with manifestations more hearty. The King has accustomed us by this time to the estimates of his personality by foreigners; and if their views of the political consequences of his visits were equally precise, and could be as unhesitatingly accepted, a useful addition would be made to our knowledge of European politics.

We may well believe that when the King visits the Emperor of Austria at a crisis in the Macedonian revolt the conversation of the two rulers cannot be merely of trivialities. But if the vagueness of the accounts of alleged political transactions are not very informative, neither is the precision of the statement of much greater value that the King's fraternal relationship to the Emperor is a proof that England is heartily at one with Austria-Hungary in Balkan policy; and that the Macedonian insurgents may thereby learn the futility of their desperate and barbarous tactics? On the whole perhaps the "Temps" puts the effect of the King's visits with most verisimilitude. He has not

gone away from a single capital, that journal says, without having benefited the affairs of his country; and if he has not dealt with matters of first-rate importance in Vienna, it would be surprising if that amiable and clever gentleman left without having obtained some small advantage. Doubtless; but this is sketchy after all.

No essential change has taken place during the week in the condition of Macedonian affairs. The efforts of the Bulgarian Committees have as yet failed to bring about a situation in which the European Powers would be compelled to intervene. Reports, not yet confirmed, have been current that the general insurrection had at last been ordered; and it appears that it may have been thwarted by the action of the Bulgarian Government authorities on the frontiers. It was promised as a polite attention to the Sultan on the anniversary of his accession; but it fizzled out in what looks like the abortive effort of General Tzontcheff in Northern Macedonia. But at least the Komitajis can manufacture outrages; and to the blowing up of the express between Adrianople and Constantinople must now be added the if possible more horrible and dastardly blowing up with an infernal machine of the steamship "Vaskapu" belonging to the Hungarian Levant Line on her voyage from Varna to Constantinople. Twenty-seven passengers and nine of the crew are said to have been killed. In the sporadic fighting that has been proceeding as usual it cannot be said that Turkey has as yet taken advantage to the extent that might have been expected of the freedom given her by the Powers to take all measures for repressing the insurrection. Apparently the Sultan is more engrossed in the object of protecting himself from dreaded secret attacks in his capital than in pushing forward military operations vigorously in the interior.

It is not at all unlikely that the plans of the rebels for forcing the hands of the Powers may include the engineering of outrage and attacks on the embassies and the foreign missions in the capital. If it is true that the Komitajis have succeeded in conveying a threatening letter into the hands of the Sultan himself there is no reason why they should not follow up their Orient Express and the Hungarian steamship exploits with a similar one in Yildiz Kiosk itself. Whatever

may be the real reasons for fear in these respects the Porte is using the possibilities of outrages in Constantinople as a means of strengthening its position in the favour of the Powers. It has informed the embassies of what is threatened and they attach importance to its advice for taking precautions by taking special measures of protection.

Altogether it is very probable that Turkey and the Powers alike are hoping to keep things just sufficiently in check and no more until, as we said last week, the first snows have come, when the latest fair-weather insurrection like its predecessors will come to its natural end. It is hopeful that Prince Ferdinand's policy of resisting the pressure of his firebrand subjects seems rather to be gaining strength; and hence that he too may win through to the beneficent times of the first snows. When that halcyon period arrives however will there be anything further done by Turkey or the Powers to introduce permanently better conditions? What will be the fate in other words of the Austro-Russian proposals of reform; and will anything special result from the meeting during this month of the two Emperors?—questions as impossible to answer as that of "Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

A very natural consequence of the hostility shown by the French Government towards the Church has been a movement for the abolition of the Concordat under which the relations of the State and the Church have been regulated for a century. This is a policy which is intelligible enough from the standpoint of the Secularist parties, but its new adherents are influenced by solicitude for the greater freedom of the Church. Their view is that under the Concordat the State is in a position to impose restraints on the Church's action which it could not do if the Concordat were at an end. In reading the opinions of many of the French bishops which have been published by the "Eclair" in opposition to the well-meant but short-sighted arguments of these churchmen, we recognise much that is applicable to the similar views sometimes maintained by certain English churchmen. Both State and Church the Bishops contend would suffer, and the misfortune to the State would be greater than it would be to the Church. The opinion of the Bishop of Troyes may be taken as indicative of the attitude of the French Bishops. The denunciation of the Concordat he thinks is desirable neither from a religious, nor a political, nor from a social point of view; and the agitation appears to him to be more artificial than real. Put shortly, the French bishops do not believe that cutting off the nose to spite the face is a mark of wisdom.

Sir Gordon Sprigg may now be considered to have broken finally with the Bond, though we should not like to be positive on the point. His astonishing exhibition of independence last week in refusing to reopen the question of martial law was met by the Bond's rejection of the Appropriation Bill in accordance with its threat. But even that did not induce Sir Gordon Sprigg to abandon the courageous attitude he had taken up. Possibly he has discovered that the Bond is not so powerful in the Colony as it was, and has determined to stake everything on an appeal to the constituencies. The throwing out of the Appropriation Bill is a nuisance; but the problem of supplies will be solved by the Governor's issue of warrants which will enable the Colony both to raise funds and to spend them. Parliament has been prorogued, and will probably be dissolved before the 15th, when it would expire in any case. Sir Gordon Sprigg will go to the country as a Progressive; and as he has succeeded in keeping control of the official reins there is a chance he may win. A Bond victory might open up awkward constitutional questions.

A mild attempt on the Duke of Devonshire during the week failed. "With all reserve," whatever this may precisely signify, a Liberal paper stated that it had it from a quarter on which it could rely that the Duke intended to offer his resignation at the next Cabinet Council if the fiscal programme were not abandoned.

The "Standard" of the North, too, hurried on to the scene to help hand the Duke out if assistance were needed. But its reporter was told point blank that there was to be no resignation. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire has his own speeches to thank if he is given a place on the sick list, but it is rather indelicate to transfer him at this stage to the obituary. The report about Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's intention to retire deserves even less serious attention. Why do political leaders contradict these rumours?

Two very interesting letters of Mr. Rhodes, hitherto unpublished, bearing on the federation and the fiscal arrangements of the Empire have been sent to the "Times" by Dr. Jameson. Both were written in 1891, one to Sir John Macdonald then Prime Minister of Canada, the other to Sir H. Parkes Prime Minister of New South Wales. They are delightfully unconventional. Mr. Rhodes did not know either of the Prime Ministers, and he was apparently not very sure that they had heard of him. He ingenuously explains to one of them—in a postscript—that he is a Prime Minister himself. He congratulates Sir H. Parkes on the success in the initial stages of federating Australia, but urges that the name Dominion of Australia would be much more agreeable to English feeling than the Commonwealth of Australia, the latter indicating a desire for separation. The main interest of both letters at the present time, however, lies in the earnest desire expressed for some practical tie with the mother country "that will prevent separation". If we are to remain a part of the British Empire "we must receive special consideration from the mother country"; and he suggests preferential treatment. Both letters ring with earnestness: we do not know when we read anything more moving on the subject.

The "Yorkshire Post", probably the ablest opponent of fiscal change among the Conservative provincial papers, is aggrieved by what it regards as Mr. Rhodes' scornful attitude towards home statesmen. A certain large impatience of English governments and ministers was always observable in Mr. Rhodes. We should be inclined to put up with it in a man of his size: genius has its privileges. The case would be different in regard to smaller and much less interesting figures in colonial politics. We are not enamoured of the attitude of a considerable section of men and papers at home who are so fond of harping on the superiority of Colonial statesmanship to English: on the fine business ways, the hard-headedness and so forth of the former. It is invidious and rather crass. We are all of course glad that in the colonies there are so many men with a great business aptitude. But business is not everything in an empire. There is room for taste and culture: imagine the ghastliness of an empire quite without these!

Mr. Chamberlain is not exactly, shall we say, fastidious in his way with those who stand in his light. Thus to a correspondent he has been describing the Cobden Club as an institution supported by foreigners who for their own ends want us to maintain our present system of free imports. And of course there is fresh outpouring of scorn in a number of quarters at the expense of a club which is run by foreigners. But the secretary of the club has written to Mr. Chamberlain to point out that these foreigners are merely honorary members who pay nothing. Surely we have had enough of these Cobden Club foreigners. Let it be understood once and for all that they are wholly guiltless of subscription: they do not furnish between them one farthing—and we are bound to add that, so far as we have observed, they have done nothing to advance free trade: there is no sign of it in the world. It is a creed with many people, large and small, that their opponents in public affairs are unpatriotic, mercenary, not clever like themselves, in the main quite vicious; they hug it and parade it, but they do not in the least believe in it, where they have understanding. This creed is responsible for much of the froth and fuss that on both sides are being displayed over the fiscal question.

Mr. Carnegie in his presidential address to the Iron and Steel Institute at Barrow-in-Furness administered cold comfort to its members. During the next half century America is to increase her output of steel "at a tremendous pace"; in Britain it is probably to remain stationary "or even increase somewhat if developments in Norway and Sweden"—that is the supply of the raw material—"prove satisfactory." What has already taken place since 1872 or 1874 comes out unpleasantly in figures given for America Germany and Britain. In 1872 the States produced nearly three million tons of pig iron; to-day nearly twenty millions. Thirty years ago Britain made over six hundred thousand tons of steel which became last year nearly five million tons. That is an immense increase; but compare it with Germany's. In the same period it has increased from about half of Great Britain's production to over a million and a half tons more. In 1874 Great Britain made over six million tons of pig iron; Germany nearly two millions. Now Germany's production is only about one hundred thousand tons less. Steel is cheap, says Mr. Carnegie; three pounds of it can be produced to sell for a penny. But it will become dearer, he adds, for raw material will become increasingly more difficult to obtain even in America. However, he remarks complacently, the world will gladly pay the increased price. So it would seem Great Britain might not be entirely lost if some of Mr. Carnegie's steel imports were made a little dearer by a duty.

Sir Harry Johnston's agreement to become the Liberal candidate for Rochester has been the occasion of considerable rejoicing in Radical circles. As a strong Imperialist he gives a cachet to the Radical cause which might otherwise be wanting. Those who are familiar with Sir Harry Johnston's work and views in the past anticipated with lively interest his election address which was issued on Wednesday. What would he say on the subject uppermost in everyone's mind? He declares for free trade in the existing circumstances. What the difference between present circumstances and those which obtained in May 1902 may be we do not know. Yet in May 1902 Sir Harry Johnston advocated as an Imperial problem which demanded settlement a differential duty in favour of the products of the Empire. It will interest Lancashire in particular to learn that he proposed "a slight protective duty" on cotton in order to encourage its growth in various parts of the Empire, and followed up the suggestion by urging the necessity of a tax on food imports in order that Great Britain should not become more dependent than she is on the foreigner. How will he explain this change of front?

The volumes containing the evidence taken by the War Commission emphasise the points of our article last week on a headless army. Anyone who takes the trouble to master the statements of the politicians and the generals, often conflicting though they are, can only marvel that Great Britain ever muddled through at all. Lord Wolseley and Sir William Butler both appear to have endeavoured to make the Government understand the seriousness of the situation in the event of war, but neither managed to estimate the extent to which the Boers were capable of carrying on military operations. Whatever his mistakes, Sir Redvers Buller is entitled to sympathy on account of the position in which the unreadiness of the War Office left him. Nothing could make the necessity of a brain to prepare and control the movements of an expedition clearer than the difference in the views of Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley as to the strategic importance of Ladysmith. Lord Kitchener in his evidence had a good word to say of the junior officers. On the whole they proved themselves much more efficient in the discharge of their duties than their seniors, and apparently are inclined to regard their profession as a serious business.

Dr. Canney who has done such good service in the discussion of methods of prevention of typhoid amongst soldiers has a long letter in the "Times" describing the state of the question as it remains at present in the hands of the War Office. The gravamen of his charge is that unreasonable delay has occurred over the experi-

ments into the best kind of sterilising apparatus. Three years have been occupied in this matter, and it does not seem as yet that the War Office has come to any conclusion. In other respects considerable progress has been made. Some scientific organisation for the supply of "approved" water has been recognised as necessary since experience in Egypt shows that upon this depends all possibility of keeping down enteric within reasonable limits. The South African War proved negatively the same fact. So far the most useful steps taken by the military authorities have been the initiation of compulsory lectures at the colleges and instruction to the men in the principles of sanitation. From this will doubtless follow other consequences, such as the greater responsibility imposed upon officers for the prevention of disease amongst their men. There is some uncertainty as to what has been done for the provision of a trained water section to be used for no other purpose whatever and largely independent of all other transport. Dr. Canney's real objection is not that the War Office is oblivious to the importance of the subject but that it is taking an unconscionably long time in putting it on a practical footing.

Lord Salisbury was buried last Monday in the churchyard of Hatfield, and that beautiful village henceforth for ever becomes associated in all English minds with his grave as it had been associated for so many years with his great personality and career. There is a contrast of the most effective kind in the thought of a quiet village churchyard as the last resting place of one whose hands have swayed the rod of empire. The simplicity of the funeral ceremony was in keeping with that dignified avoidance of all ostentation and display which was one of the most distinguishing marks of Lord Salisbury's character. All demonstrations of a formal and public nature were confined to the memorial services in Westminster Abbey and a few other great churches; and those who stood round the grave were all, with the exception of a small group of well-known men, members or servants of Lord Salisbury's family or in some way closely connected with it. The Queen's wreath with its inscription "To the memory of Lord Salisbury, universally loved and mourned as one of England's best and greatest statesmen" bore in perfect epitome the expression of all English feeling irrespective of party, and of European opinion irrespective of nationality, which Lord Salisbury's death has evoked.

With Dr. Tristram's sanction a disgraceful scene according to the local press has been enacted at the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton. Davey, the Church Associationist, and his friends have been there and keeping their hats on while at work have pulled down crucifixes and other ornaments, the legal property of the parishioners, put them in a van and driven away with them. Our hope is that the King's Bench will look into the matter—as the legality of the step seems doubtful. The general question of these ornaments has often been discussed. Some of them were unsuitable for an Anglican church, others had the sanction of the present Bishop of Chichester's predecessor, and would not for that have been interfered with by a Chancellor, who had regard for the spirit of the Lincoln judgment or for the peace of the Church. The pity is that the Bishop of Chichester should have refused to deal with the case personally after the Court of Appeal had decided his right so to do. Our Doctor meanwhile has shown no sign of obeying his Bishop on the question of the divorce licences.

The disappearance of Miss Hickman, now universally known as the lady doctor, is a subject of course with a glamour for the greedy hankerer after sensation: this is not strange, but we do wonder to find people of taste and education so keen for the latest ridiculous rumour in the matter. Mr. Hickman properly demands an inquiry by the hospital authorities. If Miss Hickman's dead body were found there would be an inquest. Where people disappear mysteriously it would not be amiss if the coroner or some authority had the right of inquest. Can anyone suppose such pictures as have been circulated by the thousand can lead to identification? Everybody has a story of a

wild-goose chase after some person supposed to resemble the portrait. Disappearances may be accounted for in scores of different ways by abnormal psychological conditions and otherwise; but none of them can be tested in this case until Miss Hickman is found either alive or dead. It was three years before Dougal's victim was traced.

Mr. Holbein's failures to achieve the Channel passage by swimming seem destined to become as famous as Sir Thomas Lipton's to win the American Cup. As long as so many people, who know almost as little of swimming as they do of yacht racing, admire the heroes of these mysterious performances that have no utilitarian value it perhaps may be said that there are more idealists—of a sort—in the world than would have been suspected. A nice point may be raised whether Mr. Holbein and Sir Thomas Lipton are more admired in their defeats than they would be if victory crowned their efforts. A nicer point would be whether if it were absolutely certain they could not triumph ultimately people would still preserve their admiration. If that were settled affirmatively then the noble chivalry for lost causes, the purer hero-worship, and transcendental idealism would still reign amongst us. Dr. Wallace nearly thirty years ago asked in the "Scotsman", apropos of Captain Webb's successful feat—what is the good of it? We have not seen that question put lately and therefore idealism—at least amongst the "sportsmen" of the halfpenny evening papers—must be making "fearful strides" amongst us.

We are glad to know that the tiresome yacht-race business is at last over. It is to be hoped that no English patriot will break his heart over the fact that the evident conclusion has been reached in the defeat for the third time of our national champion Sir Thomas Lipton. If we have not won the Cup through him we seem at least to have increased the stores of the English language by importing the charming phrase "nip and tuck" in substitution of what will probably become the extinct phase of neck and neck. No practitioner of sporting journalism but will feel bound to lay this treasure on every possible occasion before his readers. We should be more satisfied that the race is over if we were only to be spared from long disquisitions about why Reliance beat Shamrock III. and the rest of it. Surely nobody really cares, though many pretend to, except perhaps a few boat-builders and sail-makers, and some yachtsmen who may understand the matter more or less vaguely. But no doubt this is too much to hope for. Shamrock was beaten when there was a good wind, and she was beaten when there was hardly any wind. She simply did not win; and this plain fact should be enough for all sensible people to trouble to know.

Whatever small business there was during the past week was entirely stopped by the unexpected rise in the Bank rate on Thursday, and prices from gilt-edged securities downwards were all marked lower although there was no actual pressure to sell. With Consols at the lowest point touched for a year or more, and Home Railways and general securities weak, there is not much to be surprised at in the Kaffir market still showing no signs of any return of business. There has certainly been outside support from the big houses in their own specialities, but the general public (without whose aid no sustained rise in prices can be looked for) still ignores the supposed cheapness of some of the leading shares, and so one stagnant day follows another with ever increasing monotony. Americans have been most irregular, although not showing the wild fluctuations which were continually occurring during the last month. Business in this department is also very quiet, the closing of Wall Street on Saturday and Monday not being conducive to fresh commitments. The dividend on Bank of England stock was again 5 per cent. for the half-year, with an increase of £13,000 to the reserve (over and above the usual three millions). Consols 89½ for cash creates an absolute record on the present basis of interest. Bank rate 4 per cent. (3 September 1903).

AUSTRIA FELIX.

UNTIL recently England was not the most favoured nation in the world. Jibes, slanders, caricatures were set forth by the popular papers in various foreign countries. We were feared but we were hated, and our only refuge was to congratulate ourselves upon an isolation which was rather dignified than reassuring. Now we see at least some smiling faces abroad; peoples, nations and languages are for an entente cordiale. Democrats may prate about the safeguards of peace afforded by popular horror of warfare, but experience sufficiently proves that international misunderstandings may sometimes be charmed away by the meeting of kings. No doubt the King had an easier task in Austria than in France or Ireland, but without his tact it had been easy to sow the seeds of future friction. It is not so very long since Mr. Gladstone's cry of "Hands off!" exasperated Austria against England, but his successors have made amends by endorsing Austrian ambitions in the Balkans through thick and thin. How far that is a prudent policy remains to be seen. Austria has her own ideals before her eyes; she maintains a propaganda in the vilayet of Kosovo and aspires some day to go to the seaside at Salonika. Whether she would be more successful than Turkey in maintaining order is open to doubt. She has not pacified Bosnia and Herzegovina without provoking grave discontent among Moslems and Christians alike. Hotels, railways, telegraphs, tourists, and other such cheap stigmata of civilisation are the limit of her prescription for national disease. Grave problems remain to be solved and she will probably hesitate before enlarging their area, seeing that her own house is not set in scrupulous order. What with riotous Croats, turbulent Huns, irridentist Transylvanians, disaffected Germans and parliamentary bear-gardens, the heterogeneous Empire maintains a very unstable equilibrium. Indeed some writers have gone so far as to assert that Austria is the real sick man of Europe and that disruption must inevitably follow a demise of the Crown. That is to dogmatise from unknown data and there is no good ground for assuming that Francis Joseph's successor will be unworthy of the lofty traditions of his ancestors. The Emperor has had many misfortunes during his long reign, but he has laboured honestly and skilfully, sparing no effort to assure a happy future for his land and people.

The problems now appealing to him for solution are numerous and anxious. Among the topics engaging his attention the Servian succession will doubtless have assumed prominence. Advices, both public and private, from Belgrade make it abundantly clear that M. Peter Karageorgević cannot long hold his bloody throne. He is a mere puppet in the hands of the Prætorians, who are detested by the people, and a general election is to take place this month. If the regicides were strong enough, they would employ King Milan's methods and compel a majority. But they have no following either in the country or even in the "brave Servian army". The holocaust was the work of a small and desperate gang of discredited officers, who have so far held their own by maintaining a reign of terror. Peasants have cheered M. Karageorgević at the point of the bayonet and illuminated their houses under pain of arson, but they have not ceased to mourn their national dynasty at heart. Moreover, the bulk of the soldiers, officers and privates alike, are honourable men who resent the stigma of infamy, which has been laid upon their arms. The only puzzle at present concerns the choice of the next ruler. Queen Nathalie has been mentioned, and no doubt she possesses statesmanship, high ideals, with all the chief qualities of a Sovereign. But her only connexion with the dynasty comes from an unfortunate marriage, and her secession to Rome has aroused prejudice in a zealously Orthodox state. The Prince of Montenegro is too frankly a Russian partisan, and Servians would regard his accession almost in the light of a conquest. Prince Mirko is a more plausible claimant, and his marriage with an Obrenović heiress is all in his favour, but he will do well to make his peace with Austria if his ambitions are

serious. Austria is not the arbiter of Servian destinies, but she is an important factor in any settlement. King Alexander was strong enough to aspire to a policy of Servia for the Servians, but his country has been put back very far by recent events and must now submit to the dictation of foreigners. If King Edward has persuaded the Emperor to waive Austrian susceptibilities for the nonce and to work harmoniously with Russia for a pacification, he has accomplished fine work. Austria made a mistake in continuing diplomatic relations with the regicide Government, and England would now commit a still greater blunder if she allowed her Minister to return before justice is done to the regicides. The Servian problem is a delicate one, but it requires solution before the usurpers contrive to distract attention by an invasion of Macedonia.

As for the Macedonian question, it is now quickly developing into a Bulgarian question. Justice must be done to Prince Ferdinand, who, by active resistance at home and passive resistance abroad, has done his utmost to check the sanguinary designs of his subjects. But even his supreme diplomacy has failed to secure his capital from becoming a source of political infection. We do full justice to his nobility of character and singleness of heart, but as he has not succeeded in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, the Powers will do him a service by strengthening the hands of his enemy. Turkey would declare war on Bulgaria to-morrow and there would be no breeding-ground for Komitajis next week, if the Powers would only see their way to sanction such domestic discipline. But Turkey is not going to stake her slender resources again on such a basis as she accepted when she spilled Greece. It is unfair to expect any serious state to spend blood and treasure on an understanding that the spoils shall be to the vanquished. Perhaps the conscience of Europe would never tolerate a Turkish garrison in Sofia, but if the Porte is to be the international policeman, there must be no squeamish afterthoughts. The visit of Princess Clementine to King Edward shows that English influence is duly appreciated by Prince Ferdinand, and the House of Coburg may be trusted to cling together. But the King cannot countenance a centre of disturbance, and his advice, while encouraging the Prince of Bulgaria in his present prudence, cannot have failed to convey a salutary warning. After all, the peacemakers know that they have only to hold out for a few months in order to assure order by the advent of autumn. There is every reason to believe that all danger of disturbance has been shelved, at least until next spring, and King Edward deserves congratulation on his part as a peacemaker. He has succeeded in consolidating our ancient alliance with Austria, and the visit to Vienna cannot have failed to conduce to the felicity of the Emperor and his subjects and his neighbours. These shall now rest in peace at least until "the trees bud" again next spring.

THE CULT OF THE CONSUMER.

LITTLE ENGLANDERS are extremely backward in formulating an alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. This is the more surprising because the development of the United Kingdom on sentimental lines would yield "statistics of consumption" which would show a progressive rise in the standard of comfort. Such a policy would involve no breach of historical continuity, no interference with the course of nature. We should encourage those trades for which we have a differential advantage and let the others go. The Lancashire cotton industry already shows a decline relative to that of the United States. It presents some very disagreeable features. The rate of infant mortality in Lancashire towns is deplorably high; we have it on high authority that a further increase of wages would not lead to any appreciable increase in the efficiency of cotton operatives; and the housing question is important even in Lancashire.

Similarly we have lost the lead in the iron and steel trade. What is now really flourishing is a bye-product of the steel trade of the United States, the foundation of free libraries, and "the course of nature" clearly indicates that we should multiply our Mr. Carnegies and secure for each library a special means of cultivating "friendly feelings", in a department for the manufacture of American genealogies. In these circumstances, Americans would make their money at home and come to England to spend it. England might hope to increase its excess of imports by the constant receipt of large sums for its development as a holiday resort, and remittances to the ever-growing crowd of visitors, and the industrial problems which baffle our statesmen and business men would trouble us no more.

An imperial policy can offer no such attractions. It involves a criterion of prosperity which has not been in high favour in England in modern times, if the character of our statistics is any guide. If we want to know how much "the consumer" has benefited from cheapness we can have our choice of ingenious devices for measuring our rapid progress. If however we are interested in the productive power of the country, the character and organisation of its industries, their efficiency as compared with similar industries in other countries, the condition of the workers, and a host of other subjects of fundamental importance in relation to an imperial policy, we are dependent on trade reports, fragmentary investigations, and even the guesswork of individuals. The proposal to make the productive power of the Empire the criterion of public policy naturally seems impracticable to many people who are not otherwise opposed to it. Yet this is precisely the test we ought to apply whether we have the Empire or the United Kingdom in view.

The modern cult of "the consumer" is inspired by what is left of the religious sense in the economic utilitarian. The historic policy of England paid little regard to the consumer. He was, in fact, supposed to be inclined to luxury and indolence, and even, on occasion, addicted to the intemperate use of French wines and spirits. These characteristics did not fall in with the old English conception of economic statesmanship, which aimed at the creation of staple industries and a strong navy as the foundation of national greatness. The measures adopted, with this end in view, were wiser than the arguments by which they were supported, and the modern advocates of free importation find it convenient to ignore the conditions, secured by the older system, which made possible the temporary success. Of their policy the *laissez-faire* economists thought the interest of the consumer, as interpreted by himself, a good substitute for national policy, but curiously enough never made much of him from the scientific point of view. Old habits were too strong for them, and what is permanently valuable in their work centres in production, not consumption. In modern times, the consumer plays much the same part in economics as "the masses" are supposed to play—but do not—in our political system, except that he operates with a mathematical precision which, transferred to politics, would make electioneering an exact science. It is by a quite natural association of ideas that Little Englanders are prepared to test the merits of an imperial policy by the supposed effects on "the consumer" of a small variation in the price of corn.

We say supposed effects because this consumer of the Little England economics belongs to the world of pure mathematics, and, translated into ordinary English, the propositions relating to him are useless platitudes except when they are untrue. We should like to see a good concrete study of the economics of consumption, that is, of the actual habits and requirements of different classes in England, how their needs are satisfied, how they compare with similar classes in other civilised countries, and the effects of reactions on our economic system of the conditions so disclosed. But this kind of study is in its infancy, so far as England is concerned, and no great progress can ever be made with it apart from the thorough examination of the industrial and business organisation of the community.

That we are necessarily better off because prices are low, that cheap food means a high standard of comfort, that from the point of view of the community or the worker it does not matter what trades we carry on or what conditions they involve are ideas for which there is no justification in economic science or history. There are no such simple rules for the promotion of national well-being.

There is a widespread belief that so long as our income-tax returns and the total volume of our imports and exports show a continuous increase all is well with the country, and we agree that so far as they go these are good symptoms. But we must get behind these figures and see how they are made up before we can tell the real significance. Calculations of the national income based upon the data at present available have far too much guesswork and approximation about them to make them thoroughly trustworthy. The figures of the last thirty years relate to a period during which many of the industries of the country have been revolutionised. At present we cannot make allowance for changes in the organisation and structure of industry, and for those elements of income which formerly escaped the tax-gatherer but now appear in the returns. For calculating the income of the working classes the materials available are wholly inadequate. Supposing we could take the fragmentary reports of the Board of Trade and Trade Union returns as fairly typical of the groups of workers to which they relate, there still remains the vast crowd of unorganised labourers with regard to whom we have no good information. It is the claim of the free traders that the system they advocate leads to a more equal distribution of wealth than any other. If that proposition is brought out of the realm of abstract theory to the test of fact, where is the historical and statistical evidence of its truth to be found? We are not unduly anxious about the excess of imports. If we assume that the excess is largely due to the profits of the carrying trade and our foreign investments, we are quite prepared to admit that the growth of the former and, probably to a large extent, of the latter is all to the good. The really important point is whether the growth of our foreign investments is combined with a relative decline of our great staple industries at home, and unfortunately there is not much room for doubt on this point. Thus the growing excess of imports may legitimately give rise to anxiety as to the future of British industry. When this is combined with the change in the character of our export trade which has been over and over again pointed out during the present controversy, the symptoms to which the free trader points to justify his optimism really require the most thorough inquiry into our fiscal system.

In fact, however, the fullest inquiry cannot destroy the case for an imperial policy. There is no room for doubt that, relative to other countries, the United Kingdom is rapidly declining, and this decline is most marked in relation to the great trades, such as iron and steel, and the textiles, which so far have been the foundation of our imperial power. As Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, we cannot have "an empire firmly founded and inviolate on jam and pickles". Some people think that we may cease to be a great manufacturing nation and that England may still remain the banking and financial centre of the world. This is a pure delusion. The development of the United States and Germany inevitably involves some alteration in the position of London as a centre of banking and finance; its growth in this respect was the consequence, not the cause, of British predominance and our industrial, commercial and financial interests hang together. Once that predominance is destroyed, nothing will ever restore it in the existing economic conditions of the world. It is the outcome of a long course of development, the determining factors of which are ceasing to act in the same direction. In these circumstances we shall do well to pay a little less attention to the abstract cant about the "interest of the consumer", and think more of the only safe criterion of economic statesmanship, the productive power of the Empire.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.

THE sentence of five years' cellular confinement passed on Madame Humbert recalls the memory of a prison period from which we have most happily emerged. The notion that prisons should be places of punishment is really quite a modern one. The grim State strongholds indeed held their victims who might be chained in dreary dungeons, or even blinded as was Robert of Normandy, but the early English gaol was a wooden cage; a shed for the confinement and safe custody of men, until their trial; sometimes the lock-up was a room over the city gateway—whence we get Newgate Prison—but in the olden time the punishments came afterwards, and were indeed cruel enough, comprising death, mutilation, whipping and the pillory, the stocks and many other things; however, prison was not one of them. The early laws sought to limit and systematise the vengeance taken by the aggrieved party, and to prevent the spread of the vendetta; they aimed in fact at keeping the King's peace. There was a calculated scale of compensation even for the gravest injury, and when the punishments became more purely retributive later on, there were still many ways by which they might be eluded. The scholar claimed his benefit of clergy, the Norman knight to be judged by the wager of battle; the ordeal gave a good chance of escape, and if a fugitive took sanctuary, the arm of justice dared not follow him.

In the reign of Elizabeth the destruction of the monasteries and the growing of wool instead of corn caused widespread misery and consequently crime: prisons began to rise and many people were transported to Virginia and the West Indies. This transportation to America continued to 1776, and from 1787 began the better known exile system to lonely Australia. From the year 1688 there was a steady and enormous increase in the number of the capital offences, which, in the early nineteenth century, amounted to more than two hundred. So that, although prisons grew both in number and in size, they continued to be collecting centres, platforms to gallows or to convict ship.

But prisons were ever dark and utterly neglected places, and people were shut within them long enough to be in a deplorable condition. Even to-day, men may wait months for their trial, but in old times they might have to wait years. The gaoler got scanty wages for his work; sometimes indeed he paid a premium, making his income from the helpless prisoners. The prisons of the eighteenth century were crowded, filthy, ill-smelling, and verminous; and typhus raged so furiously among them that the officials feared to produce their inmates in the court; and with some reason, for it sometimes happened that their infection fell on all around, and more than once the stern presiding judge had met his doom before the criminal.

It was the reaction against the terrible state of the promiscuous prisons that first inspired the idea of separate confinement. In 1703, Pope Clement XI. erected the cellular prison of San Michele at Rome; from thence the new plan spread to Milan and Ghent, and to America and England. The Pope's scheme was well meant; he wished to follow the monastic discipline. But soon the "treatment" was carried out in a very different spirit, and solitude itself was looked on as a special means of grace; the cell was deemed sufficient; and the unhappy inmate was to derive spiritual benefit from long association with—himself!

Nothing less than this monstrous notion, this crime; the most soul-killing theory that fools and faddists ever carried out—seemed to possess the early nineteenth-century reformers. In the United States some shocking gaols were built: in one there was to be no labour, in another men were lowered into damp dark pits: in the Eastern Penitentiary—an institution worthy of the genius of the Inquisition itself—the prisoner was led blindfolded to his cell, and left there quite alone. In Chili certain sentences involved the building up of the entire doorway, until the time came to remove the stones.

In England too the new ideas were spreading; first solitude was tried in a few county prisons, then

Millbank Penitentiary was put up at enormous cost; in 1842 the model system was in working order at the new "Model" prison Pentonville. So pleased were the designers with this latest penitentiary that fifty-four new prisons were afterwards erected from the parent "Model", so that the one and only cure for crime might operate over the land.

For ten long years experiments continued, that the testers might see if solitude would turn men into better citizens, and also how much they could bear. For the new system operated in an unexpected way: aided by the monotonous treadmill and the brutalising crank, it soon wore the men into abject submission, but it also made idiots of many, and even the merciless martinets at the convict prisons were astonished at the broken wrecks that were sent down to them; even too feeble-minded to be taken on the ships. This was the system worked at Birmingham and Leicester prisons, on both of which a Commission sat after the death of "Josephs" (whose real name was Andrews) a slim boy of 15 who was broken up by "Hawes" as shown in Charles Reade's story of those most evil days of 1853.

Needless to say crime was not made to cease by any of these hideous experiments in viviseculture; but a fact was established at one and all the "solitary" prisons—that the human mind, failing its normal work, will feed in on itself, and so be ground away. It was found that nine months was about as long as most people could stand when they had future penal servitude to think upon. In local prisons, where release came at the end, the cell could be retained for eighteen months, and even for two years, although this latter sentence was condemned by high authorities. That numbers died or went mad while this experiment was in progress, there can be no doubt, and that many more expired or collapsed after it was "established" is equally probable. The fearful figures for insanity under the old régime—that is till 1808—speak for themselves. Either great numbers broke down in the gaols, or they were very mad when placed upon their trial. The last few years have opened a new era in the whole prison management in England; the useless wheel and the unspeakable crank have passed away: none dare revive them. America has made her prisons to be perhaps ahead of any in the world.

But on the Continent there still exists much cellular confinement, and though it is often mitigated in diverse ways, the strain of solitude is terrible to bear, and in the Italian and the Belgian prisons there is a great deal of insanity. The maximum periods for cellular confinement are extremely long. In Austria, Germany and Sweden three years, France five, Italy seven, Belgium even ten. And in the two last countries these dreadful periods of solitude may be, and often are, only the prelude to a life-long sentence. Now this is cruelty unworthy of the age: it is itself a crime. We are not given to sentiment. We have no more desire to spare the life of certain sorts of criminals than we would wish to save the life of a mad dog. But we should be sorry to keep even a dog thus hopelessly in prison.

There was indeed no kindness in removing the death penalty if the alternatives were so much worse. Many years ago in an American State a legislator sought to abolish the last penalty, and this is what he proposed instead. That the murderer should be placed in a cell and over his door the following inscription: "In this cell is confined, to pass his life in solitude and sorrow, A B convicted of the murder of C D, his food is bread of the coarsest kind, his drink water mingled with his tears; he is dead to the world; this cell is his grave." In such a course is neither humanity nor reason; in fact it is somewhat worse than changing hanging into burial alive.

In the future, in our dealings with offenders, one plain question will be asked, and answered. Do we intend to forgive this person? Is this man (or this woman) to be received again in charity and fellowship? If so, we must reform him, by kindness and appealing to his better nature, by discipline or any other scientific process, always definitely curative and hopeful, although it may be painful to go through. But if we decide that the man is beyond reform, if we decide that we will not receive him again (for we must, or he becomes,

a dog with a bad name, and therefore, as the proverb says, far better dead) then we need not trouble him with curative processes, still less should we attempt to moralise or blame; but having decided that his case is beyond cure, nothing is left us but to segregate or kill. Already, in France, after a certain number of convictions, a prisoner is sent away for good; he is not badly treated, only for ever banished to a distant island, where he can neither marry nor return; and something of the sort will probably be done here. We are opposed to long terms of imprisonment; no class of people should remain shut up, for their sake and the State's. But hopeless criminals may be so placed that they can do no more harm; be it by sending them to a distant land, or by consigning them to a speedy and painless death.

BRITISH CAVALRY. -IV.

TRAINING.

SO much has been written about the military education of our young officers during the last eighteen months that I do not intend to discuss the matter further in detail. Turning from education to its natural complement, training, it is admitted on all sides that the general training of our cavalry has hitherto been very defective. During the last few months much has been said on the subject and many and various are the views set forth as regards its functions, training and armament. The abolition of the lance is a point which has excited most comment and is one around which controversy still rages. I propose on some future occasion to discuss this question in full and will at present dismiss it with the remark that every cavalry officer I have met—and they are many—save one and one only, is strongly opposed to the views on cavalry set forth in the Commander-in-Chief's famous memorandum.

A thoughtful little book entitled "Cavalry Tactics of To-day" by Brevet-Major Andrew has recently appeared but the inchoate condition of the writer's mind is well exemplified by the fact that, whereas after trenchantly stating in his preface that "the lance is out of place nowadays since it handicaps a scout and is an encumbrance to a dismounted man", he comes to the deliberate opinion in his concluding remarks that "light, well-mounted lancers in conjunction with mounted rifles will be able to do good work".

To my mind the principal qualification for a successful leader of horsemen is what is commonly known as the "hunter's instinct" to which further allusion will shortly be made. I have personally found it invaluable to me in war and even in that travesty of war, our peace manoeuvres, when, on rare occasions, the wiseacres in command or on the staff permitted one to exercise one's own initiative or independence of judgment for a brief period. On the other hand I have noticed how the lack of this same "hunter's instinct" has brought trouble and disaster to officers on service who in other respects were thoroughly trained and efficient.

A man engaged, as I have often been, on scouting or reconnaissance work, who has not this instinct, is terribly handicapped and at times I have marvelled to myself at the inequality of destiny which causes one young officer's lot to be cast among horses and field sports from his earliest youth whilst another's idea of rural sports is perhaps restricted to a bicycle ride along a high road. The former starts with at least 50 or possibly 75 per cent. advantage over the latter but, unfortunately for the service, my experience is that he not uncommonly on joining his regiment chooses to believe that he has "nothing more to learn" and hence "gives away" his immense initial advantage over his less fortunately placed comrades with both hands. Of this I am certain: a sound military education combined with field sports and travel in wild countries affords the best of all possible qualifications for a military leader.

Since most men who give thought to any particular subject can generally be trusted to appreciate their

own immediate wants, I have appealed to several cavalry officers who have had good experience of training young officers and men in the field to give me their views as to what a young cavalry officer should know and at the same time have invited criticism on my own ideas on the subject. The following epitomises the replies I have received.

The cavalry subaltern should of course be able to read, write and cypher; to read a plain map and write a plain report, but as regards the two last it is even more important that he should have a natural aptitude for finding his way and an eye for country and, most important of all, that he should possess skill in riding and in the care of horses. He wants no Latin, Greek or mathematics; no education at the university under the present system is of any use to him. It is an absolute fact that it is the "hunter's instinct" which is required most in the troop leader; he must be able to "track", to see well, to act with cunning in action and, beyond all, to command the respect of his men by his horsemanship and skill at arms, and inspire them with a confidence by his bold demeanour. As regards so-called "higher military education", tactical proficiency when a lad is of the right sort is simply a matter of teaching. Strategy is an excellent study for professional soldiers who aspire to high rank. It should be clearly understood that so soon as a cavalry subaltern is found to be possessed of the attributes of a leader, no stone should be left unturned to forward his professional education in every respect. He should travel abroad and study at least one foreign language, he should attend foreign manoeuvres, he should learn to read all sorts of maps easily and learn how to reconnoitre and sketch a position by eye, that is, if he has any taste for drawing. To this a trenchant dragoon who has carved his way to fame adds: "Lastly he should read up every book that bears on his profession from the Book of Joshua down to the latest authorities!"

So much for the general training of the officer; now as to that of the men. The essence of all good training is that it should be conducted on regular and intelligible lines. Assuming then that a cavalry recruit commences his instruction on 1 October, for the first three months he should be daily in the riding school, whilst for the three following months at least three days a week should be devoted to scouting and outpost work. These combined with gymnastics and fencing will keep him pretty well occupied for the first six months of his career. From 1 April to the end of June he should learn to ride in the ranks and to shoot. From July to the end of September he should accompany his regiment on manoeuvres.

But with such a course of instruction, it is perfectly plain that no time can be spared for "ceremonial" drill, pipeclaying belts or burnishing buckles. All these must go by the board. The nation requires well-trained horse soldiers and must be content to forego the luxury of manufacturing them to lend additional grace to a mounted pageant, at the expense of their war efficiency. The only possible way to arrive at the correctness or the reverse of the year's course of recruits' cavalry training as here outlined would be to permit some keen cavalry officer to carry out the experiment of thus training a corps at Aldershot or elsewhere, side by side with one working on the orthodox and accepted principles of training as sanctified by "authority" and the drill book. It would at least be an experiment worthy of the closest study.

In view of the recent somewhat staggering announcement that in the British Army, at any rate for the present, "the rifle is to be regarded as the cavalry soldier's principal weapon", it may be as well to refer to the question of shooting in more detail. Now, whilst absolutely traversing the correctness or expediency of training our horse soldiers to dismount "principally" and shoot from afar, I agree that the importance of improving the shooting of our cavalry cannot be overstated. Every effort should in consequence be made to ensure that our cavalry should be able to shoot as well as, if not better than, our infantry. This after all is merely a matter of training: the course of "musketry" should be the same as that for the infantry soldier, but further, as is the case in the German Army, it should aim

at getting all the shooting up to a certain point of excellence. To facilitate this, the ammunition, which is at present merely "shot away" by the admittedly good shots, should be utilised to improve the shooting of those who require more practice.

The present system of musketry instruction is an anachronism and should be abolished and a new one introduced whereby a man who attains to the first standard of excellence is excused further shooting save at intervals, and can in consequence devote his time to perfecting himself in other branches of his profession as a horse-soldier. If I were called upon to assign a percentage of marks for the proficiency of a cavalry soldier in the various subjects which he is expected to master, I would venture to lay down the following:—

Scouting and Reconnaissance (both at present very rare in our Service) 25 points				
Care of Horses (also very rare)	25	..		
Riding	20	..		
Marksmanship	20	..		
L'arme blanche	10	..		
100 points.				

Possibly the small value given to the last item may surprise some who read this. I admit that I was at first inclined to put it at twenty-five points or at least on an equality with the points assigned for shooting. The consensus of cavalry opinion would seem to be that although in certain circumstances skill with sword or lance might be of greater value than all else, the experiences of the late war as well as those derived from a study of history show how few leaders will really "go in", without which, of course, no individual skill at arms is of any account and in consequence I have, I confess most reluctantly, put it as above.

A final word as to the duties of Scouting and Reconnaissance, than which none in the whole profession of arms is more intensely interesting and exciting and, may I add, dangerous. It is worse than useless to employ any save picked men for reconnaissance duties on service. Some men are born scouts, others unfit even to ride in support of their comrades engaged in this fascinating trade. Such men go out and are forthwith shot or captured and, even if they escape, can afford no useful information. Two really good scouts with gallopers or signallers to convey their information back are of greater value in front of troops operating in an open country than is a whole squadron unintelligently directed. Some may question my correctness in speaking of reconnoitring as a trade. I know of no better definition, for trade it is indeed where a man seeks to purchase information at all costs and at all risks, and is ever ready to stake not only his whole military reputation but his life and limb in securing for his employers that much-coveted article.

GREY SCOUT.

THE FASHION IN WINE.—I.

WHEN Arthur Pendennis entered at St. Boniface's the worthy Dr. Portman suggested that he should lay in a supply of sherry and port from his wine merchants in Mark Lane. Arthur, with his catholic tastes ran up portentous wine bills, and when his mother was startled at the amount, he laughed at her old-fashioned notions. The bills were moderate, and everyone now drank champagne and claret. Pendennis had kicked over the traces, but there was truth in his remark. About the time when he must have gone up to Oxbridge, a revolution had been in progress for many years and fashions had been changing—French and Spanish wines had been coming into favour and port was being relegated to old fogies. It is curious to note the strange vicissitudes in the wine trade, and if I say that fashions had changed, it is because tastes had little to say to it. Bons vivants who were rather gormandisers than gourmets were the victims of poli-

tical combinations and commercial arrangements they were powerless to control. There was a time when the foreign trade was comparatively free: then Falstaff's sack was the favourite tipple; it was really Xeres, Madeira or Canary, sweetened and doctored. It was a far cry in those days to the vineyards of the Rhine; Austria and Hungary were altogether out of the running, and as England was in chronic hostility with France, it had almost ceased to import the wines of Gascony. The average Englishman knew little of the Gironde and had scarcely heard of the Rheingau. Yet in the intervals of peace fine gentlemen who had gone the grand tour brought back a good report of the French vintages. They were to be had in the clubs of St. James' though seldom called for. There is an authenticated story of two boon companions of Sir Philip Francis, who drank a gallon and a half of Champagne and Bordeaux at Brooks' at a sitting. Such cases however, were exceptional, and for a century and a quarter, the squire and the parson, the merchant and the tradesman, following the lead of statesmen and bishops, when they left the tankard or the punch bowl stuck manfully to British port.

In the northern half of the island and in Ireland there was a different state of things. In the hyperborean regions beyond the Tweed, the light wines of France have been always valued, vintages have been intelligently studied and palates are highly cultivated. Of course the explanation is simple. Scotland had always been in friendly relations with France, yet it might be thought that the southern wines would have sat cold upon northern stomachs. But they were generously corrected with whisky, brandy and usquebaugh. In Scotland till 1780, claret as we call it over here—no such word is known in the Gironde—came in duty free. There was almost invariably a cask on tap in the most wretched Lowland change-house. Lord Cockburn, in his "Recollections" tells us that critics who ridiculed the drinking bout in the change-house of Tully Veolan did not know what they were talking about. He remembered in his own boyhood looking on at a carouse in a miserable inn of Midlothian where the first gentlemen of the county with his Grace of Buccleuch for Preses, were singing, laughing and swilling claret in a low-roofed room, with sanded floor and rickety wooden chairs. It was the common beverage of the well-to-do. When a shipload came into the port of Leith, the way of advertising it was to send a hogshead through Edinburgh on a cart, with a horn which was filled and handed to any applicant for a sixpence. Full-bodied port might have seemed better suited to the climate, but for long after the Union it was a point of patriotism not to drink it. The famous stanza of the author of "Douglas" is familiar. The Caledonian "drank the poison"—which he did not do—and "his spirit died". It is to be hoped the quality of the Bordeaux had improved, for judges, clergy and gentry absorbed it in fabulous quantities. Lord Hermand "made a virtue of drinking", and his almost unparalleled feats were surpassed by those of his brother bencher Lord Newton. Dr. Webster, a pious leader of the Kirk, was notorious as a five-bottle man. The Scots stuck to claret even when they came south in search of fortune. When Johnson in his bibulous days was sitting over port with Boswell at "The Mitre", and when Boswell's uncle told him that it was worth shattering his nerves to enjoy the company of the sage, "Jupiter" Carlyle was putting up with Dr. Pitcairn, a city physician in great practice. Pitcairn never dallied after dinner with his guests, but he left them to an unstinted supply of claret. The question used to be asked in England, why a brewer was considered a gentleman and a wine merchant a tradesman. Whyte Melville, though a Scot, makes Digby Grand call himself a tradesman when he took to the wine business to retrieve his ruin. Yet he must have known that the members in the leading wine firms of Edinburgh and Leith were not only gentle, but scions of the oldest county families. They have always made a speciality of their clarets, and I ask no better luck than to dine with them. The magnum of the famous vintage is brought out of the choicest bins, and decanted with affectionate care, as I have seen it done by a Barton or a Johnson in the hospitable mansions at Bordeaux. Indeed few cities rival Edinburgh

in the giving of good dinners, and though the decanter of port was put on the table with the dessert, I have never heard the butler asked to replenish it. With the claret it was altogether another thing. After the long war and the fall of Heine's "Grosse Kaiser", the import of French wines began rapidly to increase, but it was the Scotch wine merchants who seem to have led the way. When Champagne and Burgundy were almost unknown in London, except in the greatest houses and the fashionable clubs, Hunter, who was Constable's partner and the cause of the quarrel with Scott, took Murray of Albemarle Street on a tour in Forfarshire. Those Angus lairds were notoriously deep drinkers, and the consumption of liquor at Brechin Castle and elsewhere sounds almost incredible. What strikes one most is the recklessness with which they mixed their liquors, but the point is that not only in Lord Panmure's cellars, but in those of his smaller county neighbours, there was an infinite variety of vintages from Rheims to Dijon and from the Côtes du Rhone to the Garonne. His lordship, to be sure, was a seasoned cask, and one of a famous trinity from the three kingdoms, who could boast of putting six bottles of port under their belts and carrying them comfortably. His compeers were Lords Dufferin and Blayney.

Ireland had an equal predilection for clarets and Burgundies, but I fancy the Irish cared less for quality than quantity, and their tastes must have been less refined. There was abundance of claret flowing at Castle O'Malley and Castle Rackrent, and at the "Huntsman's Cottage" of Sir Jonah Barrington's brother in Queen's County. But who could have been fastidious as to shades of scented bouquet in the barbarous orgies that Barrington describes? Charles Lever was a connoisseur in good living: he went through a long course of education on the Continent, and knew good wine as well as any man. But his Irish heroes, whether at the Lord Lieutenant's, at Daly's or at mess, are always satisfied if they know that the wine comes from Sneyd and never trouble to ask as to the vintage. Now a Scotchman would have sipped, held the glass scrutinisingly to the light and the nose, and said, "Ah, Lafitte, 1834, or 1840", as the case might have been.

Sherry was seldom drunk in England before 1800. Wellington's officers liked the wine, and though Soult had long held his own in Andalusia, they had many opportunities of appreciating its attractions. Major Monsoon who laid a convoy of the King's wine under contribution, was not the only enthusiastic connoisseur in the quarters and bivouacs of the Allies. In forty years sherry had doubled in price. English merchants settled at Cadiz, Xeres, San Lucar and Puerto S. Mary; notably, there were two branches of the Gordons, one Catholic and reactionary, the other Protestant and Progressive. These merchants knew and consulted the tastes of their countrymen. The wine was strongly fortified with brandy for the English markets. Genuine old sherry when matured should have the colour of burnt sienna. When it was to be sold new and cheap, the hue of age was ingeniously imitated with brown sugar and other ingredients, generally innocuous. But with sherry even more than with whisky moderate age is indispensable, if you care for the stomach. The great guarantee of Amontillado and of the straw-coloured Manzanilla is not only that the natural spirit suffices, but that they will not bear the addition of brandy. I have never enjoyed Manzanilla more than in one of the ground-cellars in Madrid on a scorching day where they handed you a cool copa across the counter. But new sherry in sultry Spain is a terrible strain on nerves and digestion. I once passed a fortnight at Gib', and it was at Christmastide, as honorary member of a most hospitable mess. Sherry was the common drink during dinner, as it then was at messes in England or Nova Scotia and the quality of that of the —th was undeniable, but it was barely a year out of the butt and tasted like liquid fire. How ever the constitutions of stalwart subalterns could stand it nightly was a mystery. But with really old sherry of the finest brand there was never a headache in a hogshead, if anyone could have been persuaded to indulge you so far. It was precious as liquid gold, and delicately aided in maturing by

infusions of the Madre de Xeres—the wine from some venerable butt only charily given in a sip to the most favoured visitor to the bodega. Yet once I had the rather questionable privilege of drinking the precious Madre out of claret glasses. Of all places, it was at a shooting-lodge in the Highlands, when the young host who had inherited an old business at Puerto brought forth some bottles which had come from Spain with his grandfather who had taken temporary flight in a political revolution.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

"PAUL'S is burned," writes Pepys on 4 September, 1666. Thirteen months later Sancroft preached before Charles II. the last sermon in the tottering church on the words "His compassions fail not". When Wren wanted a stone which he might use as a centre for tracing on the ground the majestic circle of his dome, a workman, it is said, brought from among the rubbish a large piece of gravestone, on which was read the single word *Resurgam*. All round the ruinous heap lay for a time London in its ashes, the beautiful little London that Leonard Holt in our old friend Ainsworth's romance * gazed down upon from the top of the cathedral tower and that Morris loved to recall. When a mediæval Umbrian or Fleming painted the *Civitas Dei* in his delicate backgrounds he went no further for a model than the spires and bulwarks of his own city. The art schools of Glasgow and Birmingham must invent a New Jerusalem for themselves. Old London, more even than Wren's London, was a city of churches. Recently "the thievish glance of Mercurie's eye" (to adapt some words from "Balliol-fergus"), the commercial instinct for the value of consecrated sites, has robbed the capital of more churches than the fiery looks of Vulcan did. But it is not as yet proposed to move the largest of them into the country, or to locate a railway terminus in its crypts.

The steeple of S. Paul's, much loftier than that of Salisbury, had been burnt down in 1561, as well as the nave roof. Only the latter was rebuilt. Inigo Jones added the noble but incongruous portico and cobbled the transepts. King Charles and Laud had worked up large contributions for the further repair of the decaying fabric when the Rebellion broke out. Dr. Benham, to whose veteran pen we owe a pleasant and amply illustrated, but somewhat slight, account of the Gothic church,† omits to quote from racy Bishop Corbet—"S. Paul's church! One word in the behalf of S. Paul; he hath spoken many in ours: he hath raised our inward temples, let us help to requite him in his outward. Should I commend Paul's to you for the age, it were worth your admiration. A thousand years, tho' it should fall now, were a pretty climacterical. See the bigness, and your eye never yet beheld such a goodly object. It's worth the reparation, tho' it were but for a landmark. But, beloved, it is a church. . . . Are we not beholden to it, every man, either to the body or the choir: for a walk or a warbling note: for a prayer or a thorough path! It hath twice suffered Martyrdom, and both times by Fire. S. Paul complained of Stoning twice: his church of firing: stoning she wants indeed. S. Faith holds her up, I confess. O that works were it not for the pulpit and the pews (I do not now mean the altar and the font, but for the pulpit and the stools as you call them) many churches had been down that stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on. We have case-ments locks and keys and cushions: I had almost said boulders and pillows: and for these we love the Church." The jolly prelate gave £400 himself. Paul Pindar gave £10,000. The Puritans said however that the money were better spent on pulling down an

encumbrance, and that God might be served as well in caves and dens and woods as in consecrated churches. In the reign of the Saints, who seized the revenues of the church, the nave, where Bonner had chained six Bibles, became a skittle alley for troopers and a stable for their horses; Inigo Jones's portico was let for shops, and Cromwell is said to have tried to sell the cathedral to the Jews for a great synagogue. The chapter-house and cloisters had been taken by an earlier Protector to build Somerset House withal.

Not, it must be said, that iconoclasm and sacrilege profaned this Temple more outrageously than it was suffered to be by its lawful custodians. Corbet, quoted above, wrote an epitaph for Bishop Ravis in 1610 in which he speaks of the church as a resort for "hardy ruffians, bankrupts, vicious youths", who cheated, swore and slandered. In Chaucer's time it was an Exchange, where "chanteries for souls" were to be begged or bought. Bishop Braybrooke, temp. Richard II., an anti-Wyclifite reformer, denounced the trafficking, shooting at birds and playing at ball which took place within the walls. Lawyers met their clients at Paul's, and it was there Falstaff bought Bardolph. A penny was charged on every fardel or basket brought in at Little North Door. After the Reformation the abuse of this "thorough-path", which Mary tried to put down, was even more scandalous. Paul's Walk became not only a street of every kind of huckstering and vending, but a Vanity Fair thronged by quacks, usurers, cut-purses, loose characters of both sexes, ballad-singers, touts and serving men for hire. There is a spirited account of this promenade in Ainsworth, and the passage in Earle's "Microcosmography" beginning "Paule's Walke is the lande's epitomy, or you may call it the lesser Ile of Greate Brittain", is well known. This was written just before Laud began to tighten the strings of ecclesiastical decorum, but the scandal survived even the Laudian reformation. Elizabeth had established a State lottery at the west door, and in 1606 the congregation as it went into church looked up at the dangling legs of papist conspirators.

Yet what great scenes that old S. Paul's saw. Until Wolsey moved Canterbury Convocation to Westminster, it met in the north aisle. In S. Paul's Lanfranc in 1075 assembled the great Church Parliament which severed the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. In 1213 the magnates of the realm, under Archbishop Langton, took oath before its altar to resist the misgovernment of John, who in the same spot afterwards ceded England as a fief to Rome. Before that altar too Henry III. did lowly reverence in 1237 to the papal legate. The bull "Clericos laicos" was published in S. Paul's by Winchelsey, strange contrast with the momentous acknowledgment of Henry VIII. by the clergy assembled in S. Paul's as chief protector, only supreme lord, and, quantum per legem Christi licet, supreme head of the Church of England, accompanying their terrified submission with an offer of £100,000. The title of "head" was held by Edward and Mary, but repudiated by Elizabeth and thenceforward dropped. Another famous scene which took place in this church was Wyclif's appearance before his judges, with Gaunt by his side. While saying mass on S. Paul's Day, 1167, Bishop Foliot received notice of his excommunication by Beket. Bishop Stapylton was dragged from the church to be decapitated by the mob outside. Here Richard II.'s corpse was exposed after his murder, in 1399, and Henry VI.'s in 1470. Here Mary and Philip walked with Cardinal Pole in splendid procession to celebrate the reconciliation of England to the Apostolic See, and hither Elizabeth came in state to offer thanks for the defeat of the Armada. For other striking incidents the reader may refer to Canon Benham's book. As for Paul's Cross it should have a book to itself. Of the many historic sermons preached at it, from every point of the theological compass, perhaps the most memorable was Bishop Fisher's sermon "by the consenting of the whole clergy of England", in Wolsey's presence, denouncing "one Martinus Eleutherus and all his works, because he erred sore and spake against the Holy Faith". After which Luther's works were burned. Into the fire at the great Rood heretics whose lives

* "Old S. Paul's." 2 vols. By Harrison Ainsworth. London: Gibbings. 1903. 5s. net.

† "Old S. Paul's Cathedral." By William Benham. London: Seeley. 1902. 7s. net.

were to be spared, walking in penitential garb, threw the faggots which they carried. At other times the Mayor and commonalty came in state to listen, for the union between Church and State was ancient and intimate, and many pretty traditions of civico-ecclesiastical usage survived the Reformation. On the other side of the church the civilians had their abode after 1570 in Doctors' Commons, which Dickens by mischievous ridicule helped to kill. We have left ourselves no space in which to speak of the famous persons buried in old St. Paul's—Gaunt and two of his wives, Walsingham, Sir Philip Sidney, Hatton, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Nowell, Donne (whose curious monument escaped the Fire), S. Erkenwald and many prelates, but not much dust dropped from ruined sides of kings—only Sebba's and Ethelred's. Ethelred gave the church a manor—Tillingham—which it still owns. If we remember right, a 999 years lease of it granted to King Alfred lately reverted to the Dean and Chapter—an interesting illustration of legal and ecclesiastical continuity.

LORD SALISBURY.

IN MEMORIAM.

τὸν ὡς ἀληθῶς μεγαλόφρονος δὲ ἀγαθὸν εἶναι.

ARISTOTLE, *Ethics*, iv. 3.

IF his be pride in one of ancient birth
Not much to heed the clamour of the crowd
But, being worthy, to believe in worth,
Then he was proud.

Sincere in aim he spoke the thing he felt,
With single heart the ancient ways he trod,
Self-confident the more, because he knelt
And trusted God.

Others have held it blessed to receive,
He lavished all his life to make the name
Of England greater, well content to leave
His own the same.

It was enough for him to guard the State,
To shield the Church from wrong, to serve the
throne,
Amid the shocks of change he dared to wait,
Unchanged, alone.

Therefore to him who sought no selfish fame
But lived for duty, as the noble must,
Came the free guerdon of the world's acclaim,
The nation's trust.

He is a part of all that shall endure
Of England's heritage, while time shall last,
While faith and honour stand, he lives secure
And has not passed.

Still shall the spirit of his fiery youth
His loftier age ennoble all our strife,
Because he sought the way and loved the truth
And has the life.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

Eton College.

SHELDRAKES IN PARADISE.

THE lower reaches of the tidal Severn, before the river has become quite merged into the sea, whilst it is still the Severn and hardly yet the Bristol Channel—this bridal of the waters with its pomp of either shore is surely one of the fairest scenes that is in English scenery. How green—how marvellously green—green as the heavens are blue—are those lazy meadows that lie upon the Gloucestershire side—meadows softly wild, irregular, shadowed in trees and penetrated by green lanes down which one ever looks to see some knight come riding: for this part of England seems to have slept unchanged—I believe it has—since the days of Arthur. “Sir Launcelot and Queen Guenevere” might, at any moment, canter by. At the foot of this belt of dreamy loveliness—too marshy for tillage, yet half sylvan in its character—lies the broad brown flood of the Severn with that ample skirt of smooth-spread grassy terraces that make its actual bank and represent the successive heights of the various tides; whilst on the landward side it is bounded by dimpling hills, into the sweeps of which it imperceptibly merges. It is a strip of paradise—narrow as might be expected—nor is it often trod, even now, save by the foot of the rustic or the hoof of horse and cow. Motors and cycles trouble it not, pedestrians keep to the roadway, for its paths, which are peace, lead nowhere—à peu près—and are besides soppy and spongy. So it sleeps on, as fair a zone of unfrequented beauty with as grand a view over wide water and “wide-watered shore” as any in this England—I had almost said this earth. At one point of the otherwise flat expanse—that, say some (who are duly contradicted by others) at which the Roman emperors were accustomed, by deputy, to ferry over their legions into Wales—rises a low, yet bold, line of cliffs, and if the fields are green, how red, how rosy red, are these cliffs, an uncommon—indeed a wondrous—hue; but what has all this to do with the sheldrakes? Much, for of these Severn waters and their adjacent shores the sheldrake is queen, and, as a bird of high æsthetic susceptibilities, she has each year to choose, as the spring comes round, between those two chief features of the landscape—the green fields and the red cliffs—in the matter of her nesting arrangements. One might think that the cliffs, being right on the beach and offering convenient cavities, if not in their sheer face yet amidst the roots of gnarled old hawthorns that, in places crown and partly descend them, would specially recommend themselves. But though some of the birds, no doubt, breed here, others as certainly—and, as it seems to me, the great majority—repair inland and make their nests not in rabbit-burrows, as is elsewhere their habit, but in trees. The green has it. The sheldrake of these parts—where, by the way, it is called the bander-duck—is in process of becoming, during the period of the breeding-season, an inland-dwelling bird. I say “of these parts” to guard myself from a perhaps too general assertion. It may be the same elsewhere, for aught I know, but I speak only of what I have seen. It is in April that this yearning for “fresh woods and pastures new” first begins to grow upon these birds, though as yet it is noticeable only for a short time during the morning.

From the grey of dawn they may be seen feeding, with curlews, over the extensive mud-flats of the Severn, should the tide be out, or, on some of those same green terraces, should it be in or nearly in. Glorious it is to watch them as the sun gradually rising and lightening the broad surface of flood and shoal, glints upon their spangled bodies making of each one a brightest spot, a burnished button, as it were, in his livery, which now clothes the earth. All at once, as though to greet him, a dozen or so rise together, in a little flock, and circling shorewards disappear for a few seconds behind the red bastion of cliff that seems now to glow, as it lifts itself, warm and beautiful, into the early morning sunshine. They reappear and sweep to sea, then round again, making several full circles, each time cresting the cliffs which they seem to crown with a garland. This is a lovely thing to see whether one is far or near. At but a short distance, indeed, the gaudier colours of the sheldrake's splendid blazonry—those painted zones or

bands which I suppose are alluded to in the local name—are lost to sight and all that one does see—which however, is lovely enough—is the pure snowy white amidst that gay galaxy, and a deep black, into which all the rest resolves itself. Under such conditions, and to our human gaze, they are black and white birds merely—snow flashing out of ebony, ebony absorbing snow—but it is possible by descending amongst the roots of the thorn-trees that overhang the cliff's brow, till one is below the level of the intercepting foliage, to see them pass, all bathed in the sunlight at but a few yards—"or by'r lady" sometimes even at a few feet's—distance, and then what a sight they are! One is amongst them now, flying with them, as it were, seeing them as each one sees the other—a private and intimate view. All is apparent, the glowing green of the head and neck, the warm bright chestnut suffusing breast and shoulders, the two longitudinal black stripes of the upper and lower surface, the dazzling snowy-white of neck, throat, sides and back, the rosy legs and feet and the still more gloriously rosy bill. Each individual bird passes one like a lovely nosegay, and all together make a bright aerial flower-bed—a garden hung in air. After circling thus, several times, round, never passing far beyond the edge of the cliff, they alight and resume their feeding over the mud-flats, nor during the rest of the day do they leave the vicinity of the water. But this is only for a time.

As the days glide on they fly, each morning, with increasing regularity farther and farther inland, nor do they wait now for the full light of morning, but start just upon or soon after sunrise, in obedience to a more and more imperative impulse. Sometimes they fly in pairs, sometimes in small flocks, making wider and wider circles, and often disappearing over the crest of the low green hills or behind the tops of trees. At length the glasses follow one or more of them to the ground and soon two things become apparent; first that they are coming down, as a regular thing over the general surface of the country, and then that they are taking a particular interest in trees. Clearly the next thing is to follow them inland and observe them from a shorter distance. This, by the help of hedges, brakes and trees, is not difficult to do, and now from day to day, the birds' actions become more interesting to watch. I have accused them of taking a particular interest in trees. Some days, however, elapse, before any bird is actually seen to settle in one, though they seem constantly on the point of doing so. Before they alight they hover over the top of a tree, and then, seeming to change their minds, pitch somewhere near it just upon one or the other side of the hedge from which it usually rises. Now they may walk about a little, but they do not stray far from the tree, and from time to time they approach and regard it keenly, and this is followed soon by little flights up into it, as one would each time think, exactly as a pigeon flies up from the ground to its cot; but each time after hovering and fluttering a little, with neck upstretched as though seeking a lodgment amidst the projecting fringe of branches, the bird falls back again, and drops, still fluttering, to the ground. It is astonishing, indeed, when the intention is so evident, how many days this may continue, without the invaded tree being actually taken possession of. A settled resolution seems to go hand in hand with an inability to carry it out. The trees selected are invariably, in my experience, pollarded, ashes and willows for the most part, but elms too whenever they have been degraded in this way. The effect of the pollarding is, whilst stunting the tree's height, to make the crown or top of the trunk swell out into a sort of excrescence, and in the rough uneven surface of this, besides that there is generally a central hollow, cavities are often formed by the overhanging of some or other of the lopped limbs, and these are, evidently, affected by the sheldrakes. At last you are gratified by seeing one of them actually descend into such a tree where it may remain for some time in a half upright position, looking like a sentinel, and craning out its neck to this side and that as though enjoying the prospect—a thing, however, which I suppose no sentinel ever did. After a while it will often be joined by its partner, and the two now walk about over the rough uneven platform

formed by the bulging crown, peering into one place and another with so investigative an air and with such a staid, deliberate tread, as make it impossible for you to have a doubt as to the motives by which they are actuated. They are house-hunting, nest-prospecting. Of no other interpretation are their actions susceptible. After a while they fly off, either together or one soon following the other, and having made a certain number of the accustomed circles again descend and associate themselves with one of the little groups of birds that begin, in May, to be scattered over the meadow-land. In fact the sheldrakes, now, may almost be said to hold field-meetings, the numbers being, sometimes, considerable and a general sense of pleasurable excitement seeming to pervade the whole flock. Such scenes are most interesting to watch. There is a scattered hedgerow, say, of these same pollarded trees—perhaps a dozen—and for some little while scarce a tree of them will be untenanted, whilst there are continual flights from one to another or from the ground and back again, on either side of the hedge. Sometimes three or four of these great, gaudy ducks will be fluttering together, round one tree, whilst in another as many as half a dozen, or even more, may be gathered. They cluster, in fact, on the large fantastically spreading heads as upon the face of a cliff, standing on the spikey snags of the lopped branches as though they were projecting rocks. No bird, or pair of birds, seems in these gatherings to have any idea of claiming a tree as its own, but rather they come to a general place of assembly of which each tree is a part. Whilst some stand others sit. The first is a commoner attitude on the elms, for they rise generally into three or four gnarled peaks at the extremities, the whole central space being hollow to the root. But on the willows and ashes the mushroom-like tops of which are better adapted for a recumbent attitude, several may be seen sitting close against one another, as though upon the ground. Imagination, substituting rocks for trees and filling up the intervening spaces between them, sees here an ocean scene, as of shags or guillemots assembled on the ledges. Of such I believe it indeed to be the lineal descendant. The transition—supposing cliffs to have been the original nesting-site—is not so great as it might appear, but it is significant that the sheldrake, having thus been brought into the meadows, stays there for a considerable part of the day, and that some of the birds choose trees much further inland than do the majority. Space will not permit me to say more on this head, but he who watches the breeding habits of the sheldrake may gain some new ideas as to the possible process by which Darwin's upland goose of La Plata has abandoned the water for good and all.

EDMUND SELOUS.

THE BEANFEASTER IN OUR VILLAGE.

FOR some days our village had been silent. At first, perhaps, it might not be considered silent. Wind-driven rain dashed against the window-panes; the weir roared vociferously; the great solid trees groaned as they bent before the irresistible force of the intangible wind; the shrub-growth looked black against the cold, wet, autumn sky as it was recklessly dashed about. The chimneys sang their weird wild melody by day and by night; and winter seemed at hand. Desolate water-logged fowls sought their coops; the very dogs were too low-spirited to leave their kennels. The barn was, in Tennyson's phrase, spongy wet; but there were none of Tennyson's sorrow-rifted glooms: all around and overhead the sky was grey and chilly with never a break. Not a boat could be seen on the river save snorting steam-tugs pulling merchandise-laden barges up-stream; and on them stood mournful drenched figures that made the landscape seem sordid. By day my garden was a tempest-worried inferno. In the midst of the whistling and clatter the flowers gave up the battle of life as hopeless, and sodden with the pitiless rain, and smitten by the wind, lay flat on the dank earth to die. That optimistic vegetable the cabbage alone kept courage, and his leaves flapped about

jauntily in the blast as though he rather liked it. Only at night did the soul find any comfort. Shutters and doors kept out the hurly-burly; the jovial landlord defied the elements and kept merry the company (which was me); and after two or three hours at the piano one could retire to bed still hearing the "wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being" and yet think with Shelley "if winter comes can spring be far behind"? But next morning the day had to be faced anew, lived through again. What could a forlorn musical critic do? Burglars come not in daylight, not even in such vague daylight. It was only by night that we had the delightful excitement of hastily dressing and shooting at harmless cats, dogs, fowls and shadows, generally doing greater damage to our own fingers and faces than to anything else. An old friend who might have created a diversion had been placed in his last bed. He tried to assassinate me and had a penchant for stealing yachts and diamond rings; but, like Mercutio's wound, he might have served. Another friend failed me. He had a petrol launch which blew up three times in four days, but although he came to see us several times we never had the pleasure of witnessing one serious disaster. There was nothing for it but to study the natives. They never speak well of one another. Trailing clouds of scandal do they come. That seems to be the most marked characteristic of up-river life. Nos. 1 and 2 enter an hostelry and slander No. 3 to their hearts' content. Presently No. 3 enters and is greeted with joy. No. 1 departs, and Nos. 2 and 3 immediately fall on him and tear his good name to tatters. The natives cherish one pathetic belief. Half a dozen of them will sit in the smoking-room of a riverside hotel; two will go aside and talk scandal of the others in audible whispers, thinking they are quite unheard. Even this subject soon is exhausted. One finds that this talk is merely the current coin of their conversation. No harm is meant. In slime and filth the riversiders live, move and have their being; and if they find their mouths full of mud they are not surprised. And the musical critic was finding life growing a little barren when a change came.

The change came with a vengeance. The winds left off their roaring; water no longer poured on us; the sweet sunshine fondled us, and peace, morning peace, seemed to lie over the world. The flowers recovered their spirits and stood up against fate as bold as any cabbage; the spongy-wet lawn dried miraculously; the musical critic who two or three days before had been groaning in anguish now sauntered lazily around, puffing his pipe, and making friends with the dogs, the cat and her kittens. But, I say, the change came. Abruptly a brass band made itself heard. We shuddered—even the landlord of our riverside hotel, shuddered—but we expected that vile machine, the steam launch, to pass us. It did not. It ran aground on our territory, and two hundred and fifty persons descended. More than half were of the female persuasion and wore babies on their bosoms. The gentlemen had trousers very wide about the ankle and carried their lunch in a red handkerchief attached to a belt. There was no chance of barricading the establishment against this invasion. I might have basely fled to the summer-house in which I perpetrate my articles and books, but courage, or curiosity, held me to see the exhibition through. They came in, these two hundred and fifty; they remarked that everything in the garden was lovely; and in five minutes they had ravaged the garden—not a flower could be seen save in their hands. The change had come. In less than five minutes, ere all those flowers were pulled, the lawn was a tumbling mass of dirty babies and frowsy mothers; at the tables sat noble gentlemen who sent in to the hotel for beer. My good landlord was helpless; he showed infinite good humour. The waiters patiently took out infinite beer; the uninvited guests docked their persons of their lunches and spread them on the grass or the tables; and very soon the business of eating commenced in earnest. The ladies had what they dared to take or what their lords allowed; the babies were looked after somehow; and we had a repetition on a small scale of what had gone before—

after storm came calm. But the lull did not last long. The animals, having been fed, commenced to roar. They wanted the band. The band could not be found—to speak honestly the band, in a state of inebriation, was lying around in cesspools, broken flower-pots, cohu-heaps and the rest of the rubbish usually associated with a country hotel. At last two of the band were persuaded to come to life. One was a cornet, the other a trombone. Now all the morning my ears had been tortured by my landlord's persistent humming of Sabbath tunes. To music, as such, I have no especial objection: to the incessant murmuring of ugly hymn-tunes I have a most strong objection. I had begged my landlord to refrain several times; but when this gentle party of beanfeasters arrived I wished he would recommence. The cornet gentleman began with a tune to which some of the ladies present sang "Flo, Flo, from Pimlico", and the trombone gentleman seemed to me to be playing the bass to one of Mr. Chevalier's songs—"Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" or something of that sort. When their own ears had been sufficiently tortured the beanfeasters decided to dance. In the hotel and outside the hotel they danced. The trombone soon gave up: his instrument seemed to be as intoxicated as himself. The cornet had more staying power. His instrument sent out weird, wild melodies to the cloudless sky; as he emptied each pewter pot his tunes grew stranger. No one minded. The wilder the tunes became the merrier grew the dancing. A stout old lady of, I should say, one hundred and seventy-five summers tripped it gaily until at last, exhausted, she fell on to her pewter pot and converted it into a flat metal mass, unuseful to drink from.

So they gave it up and crowded into the hotel with their stolen flowers and their babies; and in a moment the place was stocked with garbage that took the barman an hour to sweep out. Pleasant remarks were passed. I know quite well the man who bites the hand that has fed him. He at any rate has the sense to wait until he has been fed, and then, to use an Irishism, he bites when your back is turned on him. These people did not wait. They were an insufferable nuisance to everybody; serving them was, as Tennyson said about writing verses for Birthday books, an affair "like milking he-goats, neither honour nor profit". But they cheerfully insulted everyone and at last had to be politely placed outside. Then peace reigned at Warsaw.

How can one analyse the beanfeaster? I know not. He is the product of the fevered nineteenth century. His sight is accustomed to nasty things, his only idea of music is a brass band very much out of tune; he is kept toiling at pleasureless work from week's end to week's end; and let loose once or twice in a year he is reckless of what he does. His psychological state is a thing past thinking of: it consists of not being able to stand on the two legs nature has given him, and being anxious to fight the world generally. Was it so in the times of old Handel and Bach? I trow not. In those days the big men calmly provided a host of diseases for us their descendants; the toilers toiled and had no steam launches to take them up the river. Charles Lamb damned posterity and vowed he would write for antiquity; and when I see the beanfeaster and hear his brass band I wish to goodness I had lived out my time in antiquity, before the beanfeaster was created.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE PROVIDENT VALUATION.

THE present valuation report of the Provident Life Office is the last which will be made before the Society celebrates its centenary. Considering the age of the office and the views formerly held as to the proportion of surplus to be taken by the proprietors, the practice of the Provident in this respect is remarkable. Very few companies give their shareholders less than one-tenth of the divisible surplus, while many proprietors receive much more. The shareholders of the Provident are paid only about one-fortieth of the surplus, apparently in addition to 5 per cent. per annum on their

capital. For the last quinquennium this amounted to about 14s. out of every £100 received in premiums as compared with £10 or more taken by some proprietors. For all practical purposes therefore the shareholders in the Provident cost the policy-holders nothing.

The liabilities were valued on a 3 per cent. basis and showed a total surplus of £587,065 of which £299,601 was brought forward from the previous valuation. The policy-holders received bonuses of the present value of £319,313, the shareholders took £8,430 and the remaining £259,322 was carried forward. This plan of carrying forward nearly one-half of the surplus tends to disguise the financial strength of the office. If this amount were applied to making a valuation at a lower rate of interest it is probable that a two per cent. basis could be adopted. The fact remains however that the sources of surplus are very considerable, even if they are not presented in the way most likely to win recognition. The average rate of interest earned upon the total funds after deduction of income-tax was nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. showing a margin for surplus of nearly 15s. per cent. per annum of the funds, and there is besides about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum upon more than a quarter of a million carried forward to increase the surplus at the next valuation.

The proportion of the premiums set aside for future expenses was about 22 per cent. and the actual expenditure for commission and expenses for the past five years was 14·6 per cent. If we add the 0·7 per cent. paid to shareholders the total expenditure is only 15·3 per cent., leaving a margin of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the premiums to accumulate for surplus. The surplus on the present occasion would have been larger but for the fact that £20,000 was set aside as an Investment Reserve Fund and £50,000 was written off on revaluation of securities. Sufficient details of the investments are not given to enable any opinion to be formed as to whether this reduction in the value of the securities is temporary or permanent. It frequently happens that investments which are held, as they can be by life assurance companies, recover their value in later years and can then be written up and swell the surplus at another valuation.

Policies effected since 1892 received a bonus at the rate of £1 5s. per cent. per annum on sums assured and previous bonuses as compared with £1 7s. five years previously. Policies effected prior to 1893 receive bonuses on another plan of distribution and these also are smaller than at 1897. But for the depreciation in the value of securities the former rate of bonuses at least on new policies could have been maintained.

In view of the strong financial position of the Provident and the substantial sources of surplus which the valuation reveals it is satisfactory to see that the new business last year was much larger than usual. We have to go back to 1887 to find a larger new business than was obtained in 1902. This ought not to be. The policies now being issued by the office are more attractive than those issued prior to 1893, and there ought not to be much difficulty in selling them more largely. It is satisfactory to see that in spite of a larger new business the ratio of expenses to premium income was smaller than usual.

The mortality experience in 1902 though not so good as in some previous years, was within the amount expected and provided for. The actual claims were 318 for £234,589 as compared with 342 expected claims for £252,696. The report on the valuation gives no comparison of the mortality expected with that experienced during the quinquennium.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STATE OF RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It would afford me a most sensible gratification to be able to endorse in their entirety the remarks of your able correspondent "Stratiotes", but there are particular circumstances surrounding the pay and food of the soldier to which he does not appear to have given the weight which I think they deserve. In the first place I think your correspondent relies too much

on War Office figures, forgetful of the fact that they are often a ludicrous travesty of the actual facts; and in the second he fails to notice the loppings to which the emoluments of the soldier have in one way or another been subjected. It is true that 3d. a day has been added to the pay of the efficient soldier for messing and 2d. a day towards the providing and maintaining of his underclothing after having once been partly supplied; but against this must be set the loss of 1·31d. per diem taken from the deferred pay in 1898 and the decline in the value of the daily ration from 6d. in 1876 to 4½d. at the present time which with the loss of the lodging allowance when on furlough and the reduction of the pension from 1s. 1d. a day to 6d. leave matters pretty much the same as in 1876, to say nothing of the loss involved during the recruit period. Coming on to the much-vaunted service pay, not a single man in the British army will gain 6d. a day by it, till after his fifth year of service, if then. It absorbs the rewards that have hitherto been given for proficiency in shooting, swordsmanship and in the judging of distance as well as the loss of 1d. a day for good conduct during the second and fifth years of service. Therefore, of the £9 a year which this 6d. a day involves hundred of competent men of good character will themselves contribute £7 10s. 5d. namely £5 for battalion shot £1 for proficiency in the judging of distance and £1 10s. 5d. for good conduct; thousands will contribute £4 10s. 5d. namely £2 10s. for company shot 10s. for the judging of distance and £1 10s. 5d. for good conduct and tens of thousands will contribute £2 10s. 5d. namely £1 for marksmanship and £1 10s. 5d. for good conduct. But this is not all. For even if a man be of good character and fail to make a certain number of points in shooting he may without ceremony be relegated to Class II. in which the pay is only 4d. a day or £6 a year £1 10s. 5d. of which he contributes and "soldiers guilty of offences which at present entail the forfeiture of all good-conduct badges shall forfeit service pay under similar conditions" so that in the ordinary course of events we shall have several thousand service men receiving nothing. There are many other little niceties to which attention might be drawn as they militate seriously against recruiting, but I think I have said enough to convince your correspondent that War Office figures are edged tools and require the greatest care in handling.

I pass the philippic of your correspondent Major G. W. Redway just remarking that I am not in the habit of answering letters which display such appalling ignorance.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY KING.

P.S.—I ought perhaps to state that I only served for a few months in 1872, but that I have studied recruiting from the standpoint of the classes concerned.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—People seem disposed to saddle the then Secretary of War with the absence of preparation which the War Commission has disclosed. And, no doubt, like the admiral whose ship has been run aground by a navigating lieutenant, the Marquis of Lansdowne must suffer. But it may be doubted whether he deserves all the blame which has been attached to him. That which was wanted was ten millions of ready money, and if this had been expended wisely and at once, a hundred times that amount would have been saved. But the Marquis had not this sum, or anything like this sum at his command. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would not, possibly could not, produce it. Perhaps the Ministry should have told Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that he must raise the money and raise it quietly from the Bank of England, Rothschilds or somehow. But Sir Michael has shown that he is not the sort of man to stand such dragoonery as this; and the boldest Premier might well have shrunk from incurring, at that time, a crisis in the Cabinet, and the snarling of an unscrupulous and unpatriotic Opposition.

R. W. ESSINGTON.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH BREAD PRICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hamburg, 26 August, 1903.

SIR,—Having drawn attention to the wide difference in prices between here and your side, I will not fail to suggest a remedy: When our Free-trade Mandarin shall have his pride abated, which I trust will be soon, we may perhaps be enabled to look out for other reforms as well.

It is not the first time that German bakers have been transferred to England, when useful improvements became necessary to the trade; it is many years ago now that they settled in London, the City, West End and suburbs, and many a householder may discover a German name, sometimes slightly anglicised, at the top of his bread bill; these immigrants and their descendants have prospered, and with the easy acquirement of wealth, have very likely become as indolent and inert as a successful trader will sometimes become, until roused to fresh exertions.

Now if some well-meaning capitalist, with business experience, would try the experiment of opening a bakery on Hamburg lines, say in connexion with Rowton's Buildings or with a genuine Co-operative Society, founded for the benefit of the many, he may inaugurate an improvement as benevolent as any before. This reminds me of an improvement in middle class education through the opening of the Girls' Public Day School Company by Lord Aberdare, a blessing to many parents, who were at a loss to know what best to do for their daughters. Here in Hamburg the town authorities, Hamburg enjoying home rule within its territories, manage a great many matters of prominent utility, such as railway, gas, water, docks, and others of minor importance, for the general benefit and judging by results all to very good purpose. If our Port of London Bill could be arranged on a Hamburg basis, it would undoubtedly be of great advantage to London's commerce; it has wonderfully assisted the development of Hamburg's commerce during the last thirty years, to which I, after a long absence from here, am well entitled to bear witness.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. DROEGE.

THE TONE OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 26 August, 1903.

SIR,—Now that local authorities have been allowed a considerable amount of liberty in the management of their educational affairs it is to be hoped that they will extend the same liberty to the teachers who work under them; or at the very least that they will not reduce more than is absolutely unavoidable the freedom hitherto enjoyed by those teachers who now come under their control for the first time.

For although in many ways voluntary school children were at a disadvantage as compared with those taught in Board schools yet in one respect I think they were more fortunate. The pupils of a teacher who is obliged by the circumstances of his position to solve his own problems and shape his own courses are I think likely to grow up more capable and self-reliant—though possibly less “learned”—than those who have been under a teacher accustomed to report difficulties to headquarters and to await instructions therefrom; and whose work has had to be done according to syllabuses framed and digested for him by his popularly elected employers.

The voluntary school teacher has moreover hitherto been able to work—subject to the approval of the Government Inspector, whose authority will I hope continue undiminished—towards the ends he himself thought most worth attaining in school.

Some school boards on the other hand have set up a standard of orthodoxy as regards the aims and relative importance of the different objects of education—an action scarcely warranted I think by the present nebulous state of educational science—and have enforced this view of their teachers' duties to such an extent that many teachers have been obliged to give much time and

energy to securing the continuance of their own style of work in their own schools.

Education is still too undeveloped to be treated thus and if authorities content themselves with looking after the machinery of the work and leaving their capable teachers to follow their own convictions as regards the ends they work towards real educational progress would I think be the result. The choice of subjects though important is not so important as the manner of teaching the subjects when chosen, and there is therefore no reason why the authority should not have a voice in laying down the general lines of the school syllabus.

School Boards were often strong believers in the importance of la petite morale, and nothing is more unnerving than the constant fear of being found wrong in details—especially clerical details—such as the keeping and balancing of stock and penny-bank books, the filling in of time tables, time books, registers, requisitions, absentee forms and the whole army of returns and reports that are constantly being asked for. The resulting diminution of the teacher's will- and nerve-power has had I feel sure indirectly a hurtful effect on the children; who moreover suffer from the diversion of their teacher's time and attention from his true work.

When teachers approached a school board on some subject connected with their daily work it was not always with the perfect love that casteth out fear or with the easy confidence of the trusted servant who feels sure that his opinion is welcome and will be favourably considered and appreciated. Similarly school children sometimes approach their teachers with more diffidence and less of the abandon and lack of self-consciousness natural to them and visible in their relations with each other and with their parents than could be wished for. In brief the tone of school work depends very largely on the tone adopted by the authority towards its teacher employés.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE “AGRICULTURAL CRITICISM” OF SUBURBIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bucks, 31 August, 1903.

SIR,—This unseasonable summer has brought forth the inevitable crop of laments, redolent of compassion for that much ill-used gentleman, the British farmer, so deserving, and, as the writers seem to think, so desirous, of commiseration; laments that might almost be labelled obituary notices, from the pen of every journalist (save the mark!) who can summon to his—or, it may be, her—aid sufficient interest to ensure the publication of the “copy” of which they are the authors, though authors only in the vulgar acceptance of the term, since one “article” usually forms the basis of several others. It never occurs to the bigoted writers as they pen their articles (with an occasional “leader”!) encased in all the virtues (to say nothing of the vices) and respectabilities of villadom in suburbia, that their pity is misplaced when bestowed on old farmer Giles—of all people the greatest stoic. He is no gainer by their sympathy—he does not want it. Action is his forte, not “blab”. They have never seen corn ripen beneath the influence of a real summer sun—their knowledge being in many cases confined to an occasional glimpse from the window of a S.E. & C. & D. railway carriage; he has. He knows the mangel-wurzel from the swede; they do not.

Many worse years has old Giles seen, a score of seasons before the advent of these whipper-snapper “critics”; years when, through the caprice of his arch friend, the sun, his scanty crop of hay has scorched before his eyes, and his corn has had no body and has never ripened. He survived then, why not now? And so he is awaiting the recovery of his corn, optimistic ever. Questioned as to whether his root crops have not rotted, he laconically replies: “Mebbe, but there be more to wilt.” See that field of stubble yonder; it bore oats in places seven feet in height, and

such straw he has never made on the acres. Away to the right is wheat such as no farmer in Bucks has produced this five years. Bruised, of course, it is, soiled perhaps, somewhat, but "Mon munna boggle at the ways o' Providence". Beyond, towards the vale, such a second crop of hay as ensures a fat purse, and, mark you, 'tis many a long day since a first crop such as he has stacked this season has been brought in. Withal, he is content; and who shall express his contempt for the babblings of these "demnition" suburban nincompoops, ignoramuses all, who pose as "agriculturists"—"authorities", forsooth, of present-day degenerate "scrappy" journalism? For it is they, the writers, and the "subs" (so-called) of penny and halfpenny morning papers who imagine they are enlightening the public, and shaping the country's opinions, on this vast agricultural empire. And Giles is religiously following Lord Onslow's every movement as he watched Mr. Hanbury's, thinking how much more can be done for his Profession (and do not cavil at the word, for it most emphatically is a profession) by a little judicious administration than by all this stupid and foolish spouting. If Mr. Chamberlain can carry his scheme—and how singularly loth his opponents are to propound a superior—so much the better, if not—well the last state is no worse than the first for old Giles and

Yours obediently,

COLIN CLOUT.

P.S.—Picking up one of the monthlies, I observe an article by one Mr. Thompson, in which he attempts to show how much better it would be for the country if instead of laying out money in building new ships £80,000,000 were used to promote wheat-growing. How eminently practicable!

CHARLES READE'S CONFIDENCE: A PROBLEM IN JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, 1 August.

SIR,—In the year 1869 the late Mr. Charles Reade was in treaty for an American tour, apparently with the proprietors of the "Army and Navy Journal of New York". Terror of mal de mer caused him to break off this negotiation; nevertheless, as he was of all men most Philo-Yankee, and at the moment contributing a serial to that paper, he wrote to the editor with his usual breezy incaution on a subject then exercising his mind. Every line he let fly proves conclusively that his letter was intended to be confidential. He pointed out that Lewes was booming George Eliot, and belittling her rival. Well, there are those who regard "Romola" as superior to "The Cloister and the Hearth", and per contra others who deny that the former deserves mention in the same breath with the latter. Not unnaturally the author, who was being interestedly written down, resented the persistent log-rolling of George Eliot, and the underground tactics of Lewes. Writing in confidence to a New York editor, he gave the reasons why he regarded George Eliot as but a second-rate artist, destitute of all capacity to construct a plot, and no better than a chronicler, if not of small beer, at all events of weak tea. Paris took the same view; but the craze for domestic details which marked the Early Victorian era, plus the power of Lewes with the press, gave George Eliot a position, which, as Charles Reade foretold, she has failed to maintain.

Such in brief are the facts. My uncle's passionate invective never was intended except for the eye of a Yankee editor. Unhappily the issue of Mr. John Coleman's fascinating monograph on Charles Reade has served for an occasion to publish, by way of commentary on Coleman's eulogium, a letter, which reads like that of an insane egoist. Well, littera scripta manet; but I would ask all who venerate Charles Reade to draw a distinction between the malapert candour of a confidential communication addressed to a brother Bohemian, and a letter intended for publication. In this country the seal of confidence would not have been broken.

COMPTON READE.

REVIEWS.

WALLACE THE MULTIFARIOUS.

"Robert Wallace: Life and Last Leaves." Edited by J. Campbell Smith and William Wallace. London: Sands. 1903. 16s. net.

FEW "private members" were better known than the representative of East Edinburgh in the Parliaments of 1886, 1892 and 1895. In England his reputation began with his speeches made on the election platforms of Edinburgh during the first of those years when he opposed and defeated Mr. Goschen, on the Home Rule issue. Dr. Wallace had then been known for at least a dozen years as one of the most eminent men in public life in Scotland. For eight years he had been conspicuous as the Minister of the Old Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, a church which had an intellectual tradition dating from the time when Hume was a regular attendant there and Robertson the historian was its most famous preacher. Wallace had carried on the tradition of its pulpit and as Professor of Church History in the University and the most brilliant debater in the Church Courts had been the centre of what passed then in Scotland for innovation in theology and the ritual of public worship. Then in 1876, after many most furious religious storms in the ecclesiastical teacups, he had laid down his pastorate and his professorship and accepted the editorship of the "Scotsman" which he held until 1880. We dimly gather why Wallace ceased to be a minister and a professor in the Divinity Hall of the Established Church; but are left quite uninformed as to the causes which led him to give up his editorship of the "Scotsman". Sheriff Campbell Smith who professes to deal with this part of Wallace's life is so occupied in working off his own full-blooded ecclesiastical prejudices on matters which for the most part seem very trivial that he forgets to tell us much, if he knows it, of Wallace's own motives and mental states. However the bare facts are that, at what we infer must have been about the age of fifty-two, for nowhere in the "Life" do we find his birth-year distinctly stated, either with a splendid audacity or recklessness, or through compulsion, he chose for himself a new career in practically a new country, and by the year 1883 was a member of the English Bar. It was an interesting experiment whether at such an age even a man of Wallace's great abilities, with a reputation and public connexions with which no young man can start on his career as a lawyer, could achieve anything like the success and position which he had already won in his previous occupations. But in fact the experiment was never seriously made. Wallace did not give himself that seven years' apprenticeship which he said was always necessary to him before he mastered a new trade. We believe that the law was hopeless from the first; and he could not have had his heart in the work. At the first suggestion of the possibility of embarking on the political and other public controversies in which his life had been passed, and which were most congenial to his mind, he was ready to throw law to the winds; and he posted off to Edinburgh with the intention of taking up the trade of politics if he could win the seat against Mr. Goschen. This he did, and whether he might or could have become a successful practising barrister or not, he did a sufficiently remarkable feat, though it was not so remarkable in his case as the other would have been, in winning the distinctive position he ultimately obtained in the House of Commons.

The life of such a brilliant and versatile man as Wallace with its curious vicissitudes was well worth writing. There may have been an inward coherency in it which would explain, if it were duly unfolded, what looks a great deal like merely irresponsible drifting from one phase to another. But if Wallace himself possessed the clue, which from certain remarks of his we infer he imagined himself to possess, it is not put into the hands of the readers of the "Life". The book itself is as plainly incoherent as the career of Wallace himself apparently was. Whether it could have been done differently by these or other editors we can hardly say; always with the exception of Mr.

Campbell Smith's part in the performance which must frankly be said to be completely disappointing. It is not a production which has any literary merit considered as a biography. As a compilation of material however it answers the purpose of providing the present generation of readers who knew Dr. Wallace personally or by reputation with much that is of very great interest. But we must note that originally it was intended that Dr. Wallace should tell the story of his own life. In the present volume there are seventy-three pages of his autobiography and this ends abruptly and extends no further than Wallace's boyhood. It is an unfinished fragment standing there as if symbolic of Wallace's actual life. We are not told why it was left unfinished. But if it is unfinished it must be regarded as a torso in which the artistic genius is plainly visible. If Wallace had completed it he would have left a monument of himself which would have endured after his most effective Parliamentary speaking has lost all its savour and become musty by the effluxion of time. With Scotchmen it would have become a classic from its delineation of phases of their natural life which have most effect on their enthusiasms and emotions; and if it had been continued as intimately through all its stages as it is up to the point which it actually reaches it would have been a revelation of personality which would have had intense attraction wherever men read and speak the English language. It is very possible that Wallace found himself unable to continue this analysis of his own character as it shaped itself amidst the subsequent scenes and history of his life. If he had the logic and clear-sightedness of the artist he had not the expansiveness of the artistic temperament which rejoices in displaying the artist's heart upon his sleeve. Wallace was too conscious of the daws who would peck at it; and he shrank from the possibility as it is the nature of Englishmen and still more of Scotchmen to do. This very probably may explain why the autobiography was abandoned when the boy was passing into the self-conscious youth on the threshold of his emotional life. If the possibility of Wallace dissecting himself through all his stages could be admitted we should agree with Mr. Wallace his brother that the literature of autobiography had sustained a great loss by his death. The story written from the outside would certainly have been more capably done by Dr. Wallace himself than Sheriff Campbell Smith has done it, but it would not have been of any special gain to literature at the best. But apart from this view of the matter the autobiography enables us to see how great the abilities and force of character were which started a career like Wallace's from such unpropitious beginnings.

Next in point of interest are the parliamentary speeches collected in this volume. At any rate as long as the topics themselves retain any vitality they will be read with delight for their wit and humour, their sarcasm and irony; and this fact alone it is hardly necessary to say distinguishes their author from the ordinary member of Parliament, or even from many who have occupied official positions to which Wallace could never have aspired. It was over the Irish Home Rule Bill in 1893 that Wallace reached his full effectiveness as a brilliant Parliamentary controversialist. He had by that time served his seven years' apprenticeship and he then showed that he had had the capacity to master his new trade. He had an equipment of learning which few of his fellow-members possessed; and when he freed himself from some of the more glaring faults of the "circumbendibus" style of oratory, which he himself described as having been acquired in ecclesiastical assemblies, his brilliant polemical gifts had free play. His speeches were not oratory but they were fine examples of debating power, of keenness of intellect, of vigorous, incisive, witty and humorous phrasing not elegant nor subtle but for that very reason more effective in a popular assembly. Whoever heard or has read the speech on Mr. Gladstone's volte-face in the 1892 Bill whereby the Irish members were to vote not according to the in-and-out but on the for-all-purposes plan knows Wallace at his Parliamentary best. "Time is too precious to spend it in investigating the psychology of Parliamentary teetotums" was a cutting phrase nominally aimed at Mr. Labouchere but intended to

hit—and it did hit—Dr. Wallace's leader the Prime Minister. Another famous passage set the House of Commons into delighted roars of laughter—laughter which killed. "I feel like the disciple of a venerated master who has been guided by him over a famous historical bridge, crowded with numerous but disappointed transmigrants, to acquire at the end of our journey an enlightened hold of the priceless principle that the angles at the base of a notorious geometrical figure are equal to one another. Of course, I am overjoyed: I shout 'Eureka', and vow eternal gratitude to my venerated master. But when in the course of a few days afterwards, that venerated master comes along and tells me that he has been around and about among our friends and finds that there is a general feeling that those angles ought not to be equal to one another, and that accordingly he is going to bow to this general feeling, so that henceforward we shall maintain their inequality rather than their equality, I ask you, sir, what am I to do? Not being blessed with that flexibility or even fluidity of intelligence which makes so many of my co-disciples not only equal to one another, but equal to anything—I feel somehow as if having got the conviction I shall not be able to un-get it. If I had not known better, perhaps I might have done better. But unhappily j'y suis and perforce j'y reste. Is not my case one to melt the heart of the proverbial stone?" We shall never forget Mr. Gladstone's look as this went forward, the look of noble anger which fits so few faces; nor the eagerness of friend and foe to see how he took it. We have spoken of Wallace only on the intellectual side which is patent. On other matters we may quote Mr. Wallace's estimate of his brother. "If goodness consists in force of character, in moral resourcefulness, in simplicity of heart, in submission to reason and conscience in preference to any objective authority, in that generosity which performs the secret deed of kindness and shrinks from performing any other, he was also the best man I ever came across, except our father." Mr. Wallace raises the question as to the success of a career like Wallace's which did not end in material prosperity. *Sat est vixisse*, says Mr. Wallace, is his proper epitaph. That appears to have been Wallace's own stoical view of himself and his fortunes.

A PANEGYRIC OF CHARLES READE.

"Charles Reade as I Knew Him." By John Coleman. London: Treherne. 1903. 15s. net.

READERS who are already acquainted with Mr. John Coleman's "Players and Playwrights I Have Known" will not be sorry to find that the section of that work which was devoted to Charles Reade has been expanded into the present volume which is very portly but also printed with a clearness and largeness which account for the portliness. Such readers may feel neither regret nor surprise in finding that the book is mainly or altogether eulogistic of its subject, nor will they at all object to renewing their acquaintance with certain passages here reproduced in a different format but in the same words. By far the greater part of the book is new, and interesting to all who care about Charles Reade; and it may be hoped that the number of people with literary tastes who allow a very high place to Reade's best work, and who find matter for curious study in such work of his as was intrinsically less interesting, is still considerable. And to those who have made a study of his work at large the sidelights thrown upon the reasons for Reade's oddities and inequalities by this book as by Mr. Coleman's former and shorter essay in the same direction will have a particular value. The chief stumbling-block in the way of a writer who undertakes such a task as Mr. Coleman has undertaken lies of course in the risk of carrying eulogium to excess, a risk which Mr. Coleman everywhere faces with complete indifference. Reade himself, like another Charles vividly sketched in Mr. Coleman's former work—Charles Kean—certainly did not dislike praise laid on with a good fat brush. But sincere admirers of Reade's productions will murmur a familiar quotation as to the dis-service of zealous friends while they read Mr. Coleman in

praise of Reade. To take one striking instance in a passage which occurs both in this book and in the terser appreciation to which reference has been made, the author quotes a "magnificent philippic" from Reade's play "A King's Rival" which his critical faculty discerns to be a powerful piece of work, wanting in finish and condensation. The speech quoted is delivered by Richmond who is called on to drink to the King—Charles II.—at a supper in Spring Gardens given while Van Tromp and his ships are in the Medway and the sound of his guns is heard. This is the speech—

"No, gentlemen; no! Those guns have sobered me. They ring the knell of England's honour in my ears! But I will give you a health—the health that should be drunk to that ignominious music! Fill your glasses, ladies and gentles of the Court, for I drink to the memory of a man, by birth a yeoman and by soul an emperor. Raise your glasses high, dwarfs, for I drink to a giant. Whilst he lived no Dutchman swept our English seas. No Castlemaines dishonoured the high places, and insulted the matrons of the land. Vice and folly trembled at his eye, and all good things lay safe beneath his mighty shadow. He died, and then curs took courage, and tore the great man's body from the tomb—from hallowed ground, but no power can tear him from his immortal sepulchre in England's heart. Honour and reverence to those dismembered bones that were the Protector; ay! the protector of every honest man and chaste woman in the land; and the scourge of cowardly soldiers, of unchristian prelates, of cut-purse nobles, and lascivious kings!"

And this is the comment made on the speech by Reade's biographer.

"Talk about blank verse! No nobler poetry has been written since the spacious times of great Elizabeth than these soul-stirring lines."

This seems to be much of a muchness with a comment made by Reade himself on a speech of his own writing. His biographer records that on one of their earliest meetings the novelist and dramatist [he himself would have preferred to put the latter designation first] asked his visitor to give Tom Robinson's curse in the prison scene of "It is Never Too Late to Mend". Whereon, as Mr. Coleman writes, "I gave it, to the best of my ability. When I had done he became quite wild with excitement, and exclaimed 'Sublime! sublime! My only fear is, if you let him have it like that they'll be sorry for that beast of a Hawes. Now, seriously, on your honour, sir, do you think that Lear's curse is "in it" with this?'"

It must be noted to Charles Reade's credit that when his two listeners laughed at this overstrained outburst he himself saw the humour of it, whereas Mr. Coleman does not see the humour of the terms in which he writes of the speech quoted from "A King's Rival". To speak frankly his praise is simply ridiculous.

It is natural that Mr. Coleman who was well known as a leading actor in great provincial cities long before he appeared on the London stage or took up his pen as a writer should dwell more in detail on Reade's dramatic than on his novelistic achievements. It is the more natural because not only "It is Never Too Late to Mend" first brought Reade and Mr. Coleman together, but further than that it seems certain that the great success of the play, taken from a novel originally founded on a previous immature play by the same author, was in the first instance due to the actor's admiration and to his energy and skill in the triple character of manager, stage-manager and player. Doubtless the production and success in London came from the antecedent success in the provinces, and Mr. Coleman had a considerable finger in the London production although he was unable himself to take on the London boards the character he had sustained elsewhere. Anyhow it was this play which founded the intimate friendship, lasting as long as Reade's life, during which the author collected a mass of interesting material, arranged sometimes rather inconsequently, but not the less interesting in itself. That part of the book which deals with Reade's career before he commenced playwright and, subsequently, novelist in good earnest is full of matter which repays reading and will perhaps have more attraction for "the general reader" than the dramatic chronicles which the dramatic student

will find valuable and engaging. Reade's life at his ancestral home both before he went up to Oxford and while he was there was in its way as curious as anything to be found in the novels, and people who know the novels well will here and there find direct traces of its influence. The humorous side of it loses nothing in the telling and indeed the biographer's sense of humour is always keen enough when it is not outrun by feelings which for the moment destroy the sense of proportion. Certainly some of the incidents connected with Reade's mania for fiddles are funny enough, though one of them cannot have seemed very comic to its hero at the time, while another one with a touch of historical romance in it might have led him into a serious difficulty. In Reade's earlier days Magdalen College, Oxford, seems to have been a small paradise for, to put it baldly, place-hunting; though it should be noted again to Reade's credit that such hunting was done not by himself but by his mother, a notable woman, of a character at least as strong and as peculiar as his own.

We have referred to valuable side-lights to be found in Mr. Coleman's narrative, and one or two of these, out of a good many, may be mentioned. It will be a surprise to a good many readers to find that Charles Reade wrote a two-act play (presumably with skilled assistance) in French. The title of the play was "Le Faubourg S. Germain". The fact is the more remarkable considered in conjunction with that defective knowledge of French which induced him to call his masterly version of "Le Courier de Lyon" by the name of "The Courier of Lyons", a name which he did not change when he had doubtless improved his early knowledge of French. His great command of English and his knowledge of the play and the occurrence on which it was founded might alone have shown him that "The Courier of Lyons" was an absolutely nonsensical title. The proper English title, exactly translating the French, is of course "The Lyons Mail" and this we believe was first used by Mr. J. W. Clark for his extremely ingenious version of the French piece presented a considerable time ago at the A.D.C. Cambridge. Many side-lights will be found in the account of the writing with Tom Taylor of "Masks and Faces" while a very curious one as to "Christie Johnstone" may be taken to prove that for once Reade was better inspired than were his friendly critics as to what was and was not fit for stage purposes. Indeed, although the biographer has more to do with Reade's dramas than with his novels, the noteworthy method and grasp both of fine general effect and of detail brought to bear on these last are well illustrated. Not least is this so in the account of how Reade wrote "A Simpleton", certainly not the greatest of his works.

FITZGERALD NOT CALDERON.

"Six Dramas of Calderon freely translated by Edward FitzGerald." Edited by H. Oelsner. London: Moring. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

AS a writer is apt to be judged by the standard of his best work, it is not surprising that the translator who is admitted to have succeeded so brilliantly with Omar Khayyam should be held to have failed with Calderon. The truth is that FitzGerald did fail in the latter case, and that he knew it. There is something pathetic in his gratitude for the consoling phrases doled out by such friendly correspondents as Pollock or Borrow, and there is something comic in his petulant withdrawal of the Calderon volume from circulation on the ground that two newspapers had reviewed it more or less unfavourably. FitzGerald was, as the world goes, a good-natured man; but, for once in a way, his temper got the better of him. He had taken his own measure accurately enough when he retired from the world to his little Suffolk town. He could endure to be unknown to the public, and was content with the praise of the few friends to whom he sent copies of his productions. He possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of intelligent and indepen-

dent criticism, but he resented the exercise of this quality at his expense by others, and his peevish outburst in the case of the Calderon translations is an example in point. His methods were his own, and they were not likely to be accepted unquestioningly. He hit upon a dramatist whom he called "one of the Great Men of the world", and he proceeded to translate six of his author's dramas, being careful (as he tells us) not to choose any of the more famous plays, and taking it upon himself to curtail or omit scenes, or to insert matter of his own which he thought an improvement upon what "one of the Great Men of the world" had deliberately chosen to write. The procedure is startling, and it is difficult to sympathise with the intolerant exasperation of a spoiled recluse who suppressed a whole edition in a pet because two very competent critics had their doubts as to the soundness of his novel principles. Calderon may, or may not, be "one of the Great Men of the world"; that is a matter of opinion: but it is not unnatural that the two offenders—George Henry Lewes and Chorley—should have thought him great enough to deserve more respectful treatment than he actually received at the hands of his very confident translator. The experiment could only be justified by complete success, and the success achieved was decidedly partial.

This is not to say that Mr. Aldis Wright—and Dr. Oelsner, after him—are ill advised in reprinting these six versions: for these renderings, though not good examples of Calderon, are very fair examples of FitzGerald who, at his best, must needs have some foundation to work on. It is possible to object in principle to this arbitrary slashing and embroidery of the text of a remarkable writer, and, at the same time, to admit that the attempt to modify Calderon is not without an individual interest of its own. But, as simple translations, FitzGerald's renderings of Calderon are, to speak frankly, so many failures. In the first place, it may without irreverence be suspected that FitzGerald's knowledge of Spanish was limited. It is not quite clear when he began to read Spanish. His first interest in the subject may have been awakened by a stanza (afterwards suppressed) in the 1833 edition of Tennyson's "Poems" which had stirred his youthful enthusiasm:—

"Cervantes, the bright face of Calderon,
Robed David touching holy strings,
The Halicarnassean, and alone,
Alfred, the flower of kings."

But it is evident that FitzGerald's serious study of Spanish cannot be dated later than 1850. Yet nearly thirty years afterwards he failed to understand why Tomé Cecial sought an "algebrista" to cure the hurts which Sanson Carrasco had received in his encounter with Don Quixote, and Cowell's remark that an "aljebro" resolved fractions was to him as a light from heaven. The point is so obvious that nobody who knew Spanish could miss it. And yet FitzGerald puzzled over it for more than a quarter of a century! In the second place, for all his professions of admiration, he is manifestly not in sympathy with the author whom he accuses of bombast, conceits, violations of the probable, and even of the possible. Thirdly, he doubts the validity of his own principles: for he candidly declares that, on reading over his performance, he sees passages where his mania for mangling his originals has done more harm than good. So we return to our starting-point: we lose Calderon, and have FitzGerald (not at his best) instead. The result is interesting: but, apart from the fact that it is not translation according to any accepted canon, the loss exceeds the gain.

A maker does not always understand his own drift, and it is quite possible for an ingenious commentator to explain his author's intention more clearly than the author himself. But, in the present case, FitzGerald and his editor are in conflict: for while the former anticipated blame from those who had "not read the original", the latter tries to set aside Chorley's contemptuous censure on the ground that these versions were not meant for Spanish scholars. One might choose either of these lines of defence, but not both. Yet it should be said that the preface is, on the whole, informing to the general reader. It is

unfortunate that, perhaps owing to want of space, Dr. Oelsner should not give reasons for the faith that is in him. A discussion of Calderon's actual position in the perspective of the Spanish drama would have been particularly welcome. The time has gone by for referring to the Schlegels' vapourings about Calderon, the unapproached and unapproachable. Criticism has supplanted these fine frenzies of declamation. Spaniards are at least as likely as foreigners to form correct views as to the merits of Spanish writers. It is not merely a question of playing off Calderon against Lope de Vega. The claims of Tirso de Molina, Mira de Mescua, Ruiz de Alarcon are urged with great insistence and ability, and these claims can no longer be ignored. Calderon's "Apologia de la Comedia" has disappeared: yet we should have been curious to read the editor's speculations as to Calderon's views on dramaturgy (as inferred from his practice), and his defence of Calderon's action in rejecting the numerous metrical varieties introduced by Lope de Vega. A timely word should have been said on the woodenness of Calderon's "graciosos", his frequent failures in depicting women, and his foible for the "drama de tramoya". As against these omissions, certain statements in the preface and notes are made too positively. Cervantes' "entremeses" belong to the seventeenth century, not to the sixteenth. It is not by any means certain that he fought against the Portuguese in 1580, and it is practically established that Lope had no share in Alva's campaign. It would have been useful to give the title of Calderon's play acted at Madrid in 1622; his verses of that date—"Coronadas de luz las sienas bellas"—are well known, but the title of this play escapes us. An alleged incident in Spagnoletto's life may have been used in "El Pintor de su deshonra". Still, the reported abduction took place (if it ever took place) in 1648, while "El Pintor" was printed at Saragossa in 1650, and there may easily be an earlier surreptitious edition. This scarcely leaves sufficient time for the story to become public property, and, in any event, it is inconceivable that Calderon, the most obsequious of courtiers, would venture to read Don John a lesson in public. There is nothing strange in Longfellow's mistaking an "auto" for a "comedia divina": it would be more to the point to note that the same mistake is often made by Spaniards—for example, by Mesonero Romanos in the case of Montalvan's "Gitana de Menfis" and "El Hijo del Serafin". Some correction should have been supplied to Bickerstaffe's blundering remarks quoted on p. xix. Vanbrugh's "False Friend" and Steele's "Lying Lover" have nothing to do with Calderon: the first is from Rojas Zorrilla, the second is from Ruiz de Alarcon. The anonymous translations of Calderon published in 1807 are rashly attributed to Lord Holland: this attribution was rejected by the four men best qualified to speak on the matter—Lord Holland's librarian, Mr. Edgar, Lord John Russell, Colonel Fox, and the third Lord Holland. Some disfiguring misprints occur on p. xxxvi. and the "Cordona" on p. 72 should have been reformed altogether. But the present reprint may be attractive to whole-hearted admirers of FitzGerald. Enthusiasts for Calderon would naturally have preferred the admirable versions of Denis Florence MacCarthy, but such enthusiasts grow rarer year by year. Still we could wish that the editor had put his duty to the original author before his worship of the intrepid translator.

THE GREAT DESPATCHES.

"Wellington's Despatches, 1799-1815." Selected and arranged by Walter Wood. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.

THE twelve volumes of "Wellington Despatches" edited by Colonel Gurwood, and the fifteen volumes of "Wellington Supplementary Despatches" which were afterwards published by the second duke, form such a formidable mass of material, that they repel all save a few military specialists. Arthur Wellesley's personality is, so to speak, buried in the mountains of uninteresting returns of ordnance stores,

records of courts-martial, controversies with Spanish and Portuguese local authorities, and minute orders for the movement of troops.

Mr. Wood has been struck by the idea that it would be well to do justice to the "Iron Duke" as administrator, strategist, and statesman, by selecting from the huge bulk of his correspondence a few scores of characteristic documents, which illustrate his views and methods, his difficulties and his devices. The result is, on the whole, a very interesting and instructive book. Probably each one of the few students who are acquainted with the original volume, will deplore the absence of one or two of the despatches which he personally regards as important. But each will nevertheless own that the large majority of the despatches of first-rate value have been included in this selection. For our own part we miss these old friends—firstly the despatch from Rumlhal after the Convention of Cintra, which forecasts the course that the Peninsular War will assume on Napoleon's arrival: secondly, the still more important "Memorandum on the Defence of Portugal" drawn up in March 1809, before Wellesley returned to Lisbon. This latter gives with considerable detail the plan for the maintenance of the war ad infinitum which Sir Arthur believed, and believed rightly, to be possible. He undertakes with 30,000 British and the levies of Portugal, to keep the French out of Lisbon till they shall be able to send 100,000 men against him, and doubts whether this 100,000 men can be collected. The whole gist of the despatch lies in the point that Wellesley was correct in believing that the enemy, even when at peace with all the Powers of Central Europe, would never be able to spare the required force. The third epoch-making despatch which is omitted is the one, written in October 1809, in which the lines of Torres Vedras are sketched out, a full year before they became necessary—Wellesley predicting in the autumn of 1809 exactly what Massena will do in the autumn of 1810.

But while regretting the absence of such documents as these, we must concede that enough characteristic despatches have been selected by Mr. Wood to enable his readers to gain a very fair conception of Wellington's work. Probably many readers will be surprised to note what a large proportion of the letters are devoted to complaints as to the incapacity of the officers and the indiscipline of the men who won Talavera, Salamanca and Vittoria. Both in his public and his private correspondence Wellesley was wont to speak out in the most uncompromising terms: his army were "a rabble who could bear neither success nor failure": as to their superiors, "If I give an order to an officer of the line, it is, I venture to say, a hundred to one that it is not carried out at all". The Waterloo army included "the worst troops, the worst equipment, and the worst staff that were ever brought together". It is small wonder that the writer of such words was trusted but never loved by the officers and men of whom he wrote so bitterly. On the other hand the reader may note some genuine instances of kindly feeling, and an innumerable number of just and considerate acts, which fully justify the Duke's reputation as the most upright and conscientious, if not the most sympathetic, of chiefs. It must be confessed that the vagaries of some of his lieutenants and the marauding habits of some of his regiments might have moved even a man of milder mood to a violent expression of his feelings.

Mr. Wood might perhaps have deserved our thanks in an even higher degree if he had taken the trouble to fill up the blank spaces for names omitted which are to be found in many of the despatches as originally transcribed by Gurwood. The personal reasons which existed for their suppression have long passed away—what object is there in concealing the fact that Captain Argenton was the French conspirator who betrayed Soult at Oporto that Bylandt's Dutch-Belgians were the troops who ran away at Waterloo, or that the gallant Norman Ramsay was the officer whom Wellington refused to take into favour again after a supposed infraction of his orders. These facts have all been public property for the last sixty years, and there can be no reason to make a pretence of mystery concerning them. At the same time we should agree with Mr. Wood in reserving the names of unim-

portant personages (such as those of officers disgraced by courts-martial), where the individuals are insignificant; but the cases quoted are important as precedents. The line between the classes of names omitted and names published can only be drawn according to the dictates of common sense.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO AGNOSTICISM.

"Agnosticism." By Robert Flint. London: Blackwood. 1903.

PROFESSOR FLINT'S lengthy and learned volume is much more than a polemic against that particular form of agnosticism which denies the possibility of attaining definite truth in matters of religion. It deals with the arguments which have been advanced alike in ancient and in modern times for doubting the validity of professed or apparent knowledge of any or all of the "ultimates" of human thought, the physical world, the human self, God, in a spirit at once historical and critical. The ancient Pyrrhonists, Montaigne, Bayle, Hamilton and Mansel are no more disregarded in its comprehensive pages than Huxley, Spencer, and Hume, and much learning is evinced by the author's inquiry into the reasons which have caused different types of philosophical scepticism to be specially prevalent at different periods. Still there can be no doubt that for most readers, as for the writer, the main interest of the book will lie in its vigorous defence of the possibility of genuine knowledge of God against current objections. That Professor Flint's vindication of Theism is able and forcible need hardly be said; whether it is quite convincing, is perhaps another question, and one on which it may be useful to listen for a moment to the difficulties which might be raised by a candid and logical advocatus diaboli. You tell me, such an objector might say, that agnosticism in all its forms, whether it makes mathematical or physical or theological knowledge the special object of its attacks, is a false, because a self-contradictory, philosophy, and that it is self-contradictory because the universal doubter in the very act of declaring all knowledge, or what passes for such, uncertain must of necessity claim assured and absolute knowledge of the fact that it is uncertain. He cannot dogmatically assert that nothing can be known without in the same breath affirming that he knows the unknowability of things. Now as against the dogmatic agnostic the argument must no doubt be allowed to be decisive; but may there not be a problematic scepticism which it leaves untouched? I may be prepared to concede to the dogmatic rationalist that a valid knowledge of ultimate first principles is theoretically possible, alike in theology and in physical science, and yet I may without self-contradiction doubt, or even deny, the truth of any alleged system of first principles as yet propounded by philosophers. You cannot in fact infer from the knowability of truth the actual truth of any propositions which are claimed to be actually known. And this is the inference which Professor Flint seems at times anxious to make.

When the argument turns from the general question of the knowability of ultimate truth to the special one of the knowability of God, the agnostic's case seems to become still stronger. Professor Flint frequently reasons as if we might conclude that if agnosticism as to the physical world and the self is unjustifiable, agnosticism as to God must be equally so. But it is a fair question whether the three "ultimates" really stand logically on the same footing. For it is clear that in some sense or other the existence of the physical world and the existence of the self are facts guaranteed by immediate experience, but it is far from clear that the existence of God has the same guarantee. A man can hardly doubt that he himself and the world of perceived objects in some sense exist, though he may be in great perplexity as to what the self or the physical world is; but men may, without patent absurdity, doubt, and often do doubt, whether a being corresponding to the idea of "God" does actually exist or not. It is in fact this difference which gives the famous Humian and Kantian criticism of the "proofs of the existence of God" its force. Professor Flint, it

is true, thinks poorly of that criticism, but his treatment of it consists principally in meeting its various points by mere counter-assertions.

One's doubts as to the completeness of the professor's case are increased by the questionable character of some of the philosophical doctrines upon which he lays most stress. Thus he will hear nothing of the view, often advanced from within the Christian community, that we can have true belief in theological regions where knowledge proper is impossible. Against this familiar doctrine he urges that to believe a thing is the same as to think that one knows it. This seems a piece of very doubtful epistemology. I believe e.g. that the Transvaal authorities had already decided on war at the time of the Bloemfontein conference. But I certainly do not think I know this; indeed I am quite sure that I do not. Professor Flint in fact appears to confound two very different states of mind, the conviction that a statement is true, and the conviction that I know it to be true. The confusion is made the easier for him by his readiness to assume the very doubtful doctrine that the knowledge of a truth and the knowledge of yourself as knowing it are always, as a psychological fact, given together. That so eminent a psychologist as Professor James has in set words repudiated this once popular statement as a sheer delusion should surely have led Professor Flint to reflect again and again before adopting it as one of his chief weapons against the believing or unbelieving agnostic. It may be doubted further whether Professor Flint has not needlessly weakened his own case by adherence to the ambiguous formula of the "relativity of knowledge". That this formula as interpreted by Hamilton and Mansel is fatal to the validity of theological knowledge he himself points out in one of the most vigorous passages of his book. But it is not clear that the relative character of all knowledge can be maintained in any intelligible sense without leading direct to the extreme agnostic position. You admit, the agnostic, whether positive or mystic, may urge, that all the knowledge we can have of God is merely "relative". If this means anything at all, it must mean that such knowledge as we think we have of God is partly deceptive, and further that we do not know precisely where the deception comes in. If we did know, and could thus definitely mark off the parts of our theology which are merely approximately from those which are entirely true, there would no longer be any sense in speaking of our knowledge of God as merely relative. But if our theological propositions are infected with untruth to an unascertainable extent, then the agnostic who relegates theology from the domain of science to that of belief is justified out of the mouth of his antagonist.

What Professor Flint probably means however is the harmless truism that our knowledge, if such we have, of God, like our knowledge of finite things, is largely a knowledge of relations. But a knowledge of relations need not itself be relative; indeed the notion that it must be so would be fatal for instance to such a science as geometry, which consists entirely of truths about the relations of positions and sets of positions. A final refutation of agnosticism as a philosophy will scarcely be possible until our epistemology has been radically purged of the uncritical assumptions from which agnosticism inevitably arises.

It is a pity that so learned a work should be defaced by a number of hideous false accentuations of Greek words, and that the strange error by which a lyrical fragment of Shelley is assigned to the "Adonais" should not have been detected in the correction of the proofs.

NOVELS.

"Barlasch of the Guard." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 6s.

This is quite a Christmas book, there is so much about snowy wastes, and ice-covered rivers, and frost-bitten features—the sun never shines but in the first chapter. There is something dreary and cold about the frozen atmosphere of intrigue, in which the characters move about (in the manner beloved of Mr. Merriman) finger on lip. He never makes his puppets say

much, he knows better than to let their portentous appearance be belied by their utterance. That anything should result from their mysterious behaviour, we have ceased to expect, after experience of similar intrigues in other of Mr. Merriman's books. Nothing happens, of his invention; we are not even allowed to know who the secretive Sebastian really is (probably the author didn't know himself), though if there is any plot, it is presumably concerned with his machinations against Napoleon, and their discovery by the spies Charles Darragon and de Casimir. As a fact they discover nothing, probably again because the author hadn't thought of anything to discover. The greater portion of the book is taken up with events for which Mr. Merriman is not responsible, the fire at Moscow, and the retreat of the Grand Army. He has evidently spent much time in arduous research, and knows a great deal about these months of Napoleon's Russian campaign; it is only a pity that his knowledge should have made him scornful of those whose knowledge of 1812-13 is not so circumstantial as his own. Certain little bits of realistic description please him so much that he uses them again and again; details about eyes reddened by the glare of the snow, and faces smeared with the dried blood of horseflesh eaten raw. He writes with unusual cleverness, there is much shrewd observation made in an irritatingly superior way, and many original and valuable reflections on the information he so accurately imparts. He is not always successful in the similes and metaphors with which he is so profuse. "One Aaron's Rod of a bogey had swallowed all the rest" is somewhat confusing to the mind; and we are filled with a greater admiration than ever for Napoleon, when we learn that "he was like a man who, having an open wound on his back, attends to it hurriedly before showing an undaunted face to the enemy". Surely this is beyond the power even of Bonaparte, or of anyone but a contortionist. Mr. Merriman's chief gift as a novelist, and the secret of the genuine attractiveness of his work, is his power of description. He depicts environment, and scenery, circumstances, and character, with the sure touch of an artist, there is poignancy in his creatures' emotions, significance in their actions, and subtlety in their scanty dialogue—and the painting of his landscapes is full of poetical observation and a delicate sense of colour. "Barlasch" himself is finely drawn with a few unerring strokes; if he bears a remarkable resemblance to other faithful, rugged, dog-like soldiers, he is genuinely pathetic and invariably interesting.

"The MS. in a Red Box." London: John Lane. 1903. 6s.

This is an anonymous romance, anonymous, so the advertisements have been telling us, with an anonymity which even the publisher has not been able to pierce. It is a pleasant story, crowded with exciting incidents; such a story as will best please readers who have something of the healthy boy's love of adventurous doings. The hero is a familiar figure of romantic fiction, a young man who is always rushing on danger with the surety that he must win through all—for does not the novelist's hero almost invariably bear a charmed life? The modest author has chosen a good background for his rendering of the proverb that the course of true love never does run smooth. His place is the country of the fens, his period the time when Charles I. had just granted powers of reclamation to Vermingden, and many of his incidents arise from the opposition of the inhabitants of Axholm to these meddling invaders. This part of the theme is pleasantly unhackneyed. The eternal feminine is of course found in the Dutch camp, and there is an unworthy Dutch lover as well as a spiteful English rival further to embarrass young Vavasour on his way. To readers who agree with Thackeray in a preference for second-rate novels we can commend this book which has been put before us by the publisher with something of the naïve surprise of a conjurer when he takes a plum pudding out of a silk hat.

"By Thames and Tiber." By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. London: Long. 1903. 6s.

Metempsychosis has become almost a commonplace of fiction, but Mrs. Aylmer Gowing introduces a

variation. Her heroine, a modern English girl with a marvellous likeness to the bust of a Greek maiden martyred at Rome under Nero, gets lost in the Catacombs, falls into a trance, and before she is rescued lives once more her former existence. The Roman part of the story is so much better than the British that the lady's awakening to life is something of an anticlimax. Certainly her husband (the same being in both lives) was far more attractive as a Roman patrician than as an English sculptor. The Thames episodes are commonplace enough, but in the trance-life Nero and Agrippina are quite skilfully presented. This part of the book covers much the same ground as Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" and has perhaps the inevitable savour of Becker's "Gallus" which clings round most attempts to revive old Rome. But it is decidedly interesting.

"Haviland's Chum." By Bertram Mitford. London: Chatto and Windus. 1903. 6s.

Mr. Bertram Mitford has the right touch for boys. Haviland's chum is a real live Zulu whose arrival at S. Kirwin's School causes much excitement. The advantages of making friends with a Zulu are brought home by the subsequent adventures of Haviland who is rescued from some very grave perils while wandering in Africa by the aid of his old school chum. There is plenty of plot and incident in the book which will most certainly appeal to those for whom it was written.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Frontiersman." By Roger Pocock. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Whether this book is an actual autobiography, as we are led to suppose, or a collection of more or less imaginary episodes, it is quite clear that Mr. Pocock knows the life of which he writes and has knocked about in odd parts of the world. He represents himself as having been a trooper in the Canadian North-West Police, a journalist in British Columbia, an amateur missionary among primitive Indians further north, a companion of illicit sealers, a mining prospector and unsuccessful trader in the Western States, and an irregular in the Boer war. It will be seen that there is sufficient variety, and we omit several sub-headings of this variegated career. Moreover Mr. Pocock can write—though he sometimes over-writes—and has a cynical way which is generally amusing though at times a little cheap. The description of a solitary ride from Canada to Mexico is particularly good. We commend to fanatical pro-Americans the chapters in this book which deal faithfully with the standards of morality and civilisation in the Western States. The author loves his Canadian adventurers, so that his criticism of the dishonesty tempered by murder which flourishes under the Stars and Stripes cannot be set down as an example of the home-bred Briton's attitude towards rough life. The description of Riel's rebellion in 1885 is very well done. In fact the book is full of attractions to anyone who has a heart to understand the wilderness.

"The United Kingdom and the United States Commercially Co-ordinated." New York. 1902.

This carefully got-up large quarto pamphlet of 117 pages starts off with a collection of "facts and axioms", of which the chief is that Britain's navy never can be strong enough to guard her food supply. To this statement is added a second that Canada and Australia are not fitted to supply us with food. The deduction is that Britain must rely on the Mississippi Valley. For this purpose the writer proposes the flotation of an American company, the "Atlantic and Gulf Company" with a share and loan capital of £640,000,000. Its first object would be to construct a ship canal from the Gulf of Mexico across Florida to the St. John's River and there create a port. A river and ocean merchant fleet would be built to supply the United Kingdom with food, which in future would be stored at British instead of American ports. Coal, iron, and other mineral lands would be bought to supply the iron, steel, and other industries to be created at the new port. To ensure the control of this company remaining in British control, £100,000,000 of its common stock would be assigned to a British company the "Commercial Syndicate, Limited" (capital £180,000,000), which would also finance a British fleet and maintain storage at British ports to make Britain the food entrepôt of Europe. Only £60,000,000—to be provided by the British company in return for permanent control—is required to set this gigantic scheme going and annual profits exceeding £12,000,000 are estimated to accrue therefrom. Be it noted, too, that every detail of expense is worked out with the most exemplary care and supported with profusion of statistics.

Obviously this is not the place to criticise so grandiose a conception as is enshrined in this book; we can only say it is worthy of the land which produced J. Pierpont Morgan and the Billion Dollar Trust.

"Critica Biblica." By T. K. Cheyne. Part II. Ezekiel and the Minor Prophets; Part III. First and Second Samuel. London: Black. 1903. 3s.

Professor Cheyne is anxious that we should shake off the too cautious and unprogressive methods hitherto followed by scholars, and strike out something more original. "A great period of Biblical criticism has come to a close"; a new one must start with a trenchant emendation of the Hebrew text. Professor Cheyne gives us the clue by which we are to recover the original; the most powerful influence upon Israelite history from outside was that of a North Arabian tribe, the Jerahmeelites; accordingly the traces of this influence have to be recovered from the countless corruptions of the existing text. We cannot help admiring the extraordinary courage with which Professor Cheyne applies his theory, cost what it may to present opinion or to his own previous works. There is much that we find stimulating and acute in his emendations; but we cannot help thinking that he greatly exaggerates the extent of textual corruptions. In the text as it stands the name Jerahmeel occurs eight times in all, six times of the same person in 1 Chron. ii., and "the Jerahmeelites" occur once; but if we follow Professor Cheyne this name becomes the commonest in the Old Testament. Is it possible that tradition, or the errors of successive scribes, could have preserved so little of Jerahmeel if this name had occurred so frequently as Professor Cheyne imagines in the unadulterated original? Speaking generally, it must be allowed that the separation of the documents of the Hexateuch could not have been carried out with the minuteness which scholars have found possible if the text were so hopelessly unsound; and, as Mr. Burkitt observes in the "Encyclopædia Biblica", the fact that so much of the Prophetic Books, though less accurately preserved than the Pentateuch, is of the first rank as literature is the strongest proof that they have not been wholly disfigured in transmission.

"Imperial India. Letters from the East." By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Fisher Unwin. 1903. 2s. cloth.

"The Delhi Tamasha by a Viceregal Guest and some Reflections" would be less imposing but more accurate. The Coronation Durbar has passed into history and the public for the moment has had enough of it. This effort of belated journalism is therefore unlikely, except by the force of its title, to attract many readers. But if anyone wants impressions as original as the subject will admit, or observations and reflections on a very minute fragment of Imperial India as seen by one of the Viceroy's guests, he cannot do better than read John Oliver Hobbes' little book. He will hear about Lady Curzon, her dresses and her guests—about Rajas and Dukes—Sonars of the Chandni Chank—Imperial Cadets—Begums and Makers of India—will learn how many quarts of soup and plates of sandwiches were consumed at the State ball, where the Viceroy spends his Sundays and how Calcutta looks by day and night to a lady on a short visit at Government House. It is a little book and he will not be much bored.

THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

The Reviews for September are overflowing with articles on the fiscal problem, and if there were no more to be said on the subject than they say there could be no question that the supporters of Mr. Chamberlain would enjoy an easy victory. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in the "Monthly Review" inquires whether the people of the United Kingdom would gain or lose by changing their fiscal policy and of course he comes to the conclusion that the colonies would stand to get much more out of such a change than we should. "Our exports to the self-governing colonies are", he says, "increasing rapidly under our present system; without preference we command, to a great extent, the Australasian and South African markets; the increased imports of food which, in any case, must come to us from Canada, cannot but increase our trade with her. Surely it cannot be suggested that, if we decline to give a preference to their products, our colonies will treat the Mother Country worse than they treat foreign countries. Whatever preference they gave us against the foreigner we could only capture part of their foreign trade, because we could not supply them with much of what they now obtain from foreign countries". He is right in his point of view that we are daily improving our business with the colonies, but he fails to recognise that while the foreigner is capturing an unfair proportion of British colonial trade and selling more and more of his goods in Great Britain itself he is taking less and less of British manufactures. It is not

(Continued on page 308.)

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because we are ruined to-day that the new policy is so important, but because we want to avoid being ruined to-morrow. In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. J. A. Spender elects to dispose of the conclusions arrived at by that particularly acute student of Imperial trade "Calchas". He finds no reason for panic, but is of opinion that our industrial methods in recent years have been somewhat analogous to our military methods. He denies that "Calchas" is correct in asserting "that we are either stagnating, decaying, or being crushed out. The increase of trade with Canada and with South Africa, says 'Calchas' 'has concealed the decline in extra Imperial markets'. But suppose we just alter the words, and say that colonial development has diverted the stream of British trade from foreign countries to the colonies, do we not get a much more probable and rational, if less romantic and alarming, version of the facts"? So able a controversialist as Mr. Spender must have been hard put to it when he has to fall back upon so specious an argument. If we accept his suggestion, and drive it to its logical conclusion, we shall simply admit that our foreign trade has declined and that our exports have been maintained only by the colonies. In the "Nineteenth Century" Lord Avebury advances a fine array of doubts and queries, and puts into a footnote at the end—a sort of postscript which contains the gist of the epistle—a reference to the "wise and weighty letter in the 'Times' of 15 August, signed by so many of our leading economical authorities". By that reference let Lord Avebury's economics be judged. In the "Contemporary Review" we naturally expect to find the policy of free imports upheld as though any other view were out of the question. Mr. J. A. Hobson has managed to discover a reason which caps the cosmopolitanism of the free trader and reduces the whole thing to an absurdity: "The more rapid recent development of such countries as Germany and the United States is on the whole", says Mr. Hobson, "a source of strength, not of weakness to our powers of national production; that certain particular injuries inflicted by the rivalry of nations are more than compensated by the indirect benefits of a more effective international co-operation. Every increase of the productive power of Germany and the United States is a source of increased wealth to Great Britain".

On the other side we have the "National Review's" special supplement extending over 106 pages, on the Economics of Empire. The writer, who is the assistant editor of the "National", examines the question in all its bearings, and shows how Adam Smith is misrepresented by his so-called modern disciples. He challenges anyone to quote a sentence from the "Wealth of Nations," in favour of free imports as an actual and unreciprocated policy. Taking the view that empire and commerce are mutually dependent, the "National" insists on a strong home market as the centre of a self-supporting Empire. He sums up partially as follows:—(1) The interests of national production demand that the British manufacturer shall have the same advantages in his home market that his competitors enjoy in their home markets. This is the first condition of an adequate improvement upon our part in competitive power. (2) The interests of our maritime ascendancy, since our industry depends upon imports, demand that we should also secure freer markets for our exports. (3) The interests of the Mother Country demand the exchange of manufactured goods for food and raw material to a far greater extent than now. (4) The interests of the colonies demand the promotion of British manufactures in order that the Mother Country, being by far the greatest consuming centre in the world for imported agricultural produce, may promote in return the development of colonial cultivation. (5) The permanence and security of the Empire demand that it should be as self-supporting as possible and should become so not only as completely as possible but as rapidly as possible." The writer in the "National" is less statistical and less excited in his denunciation of free imports than "Blackwood's" contributor who deals with the subject. But then "Blackwood" has come to the conclusion that free trade has been a most costly luxury for which we have paid in the form of income-tax and in other ways. As to how our "magnificent imports" have been paid for, he says there has been "more absolute lunacy and nonsense talked by free-trade oracles" than on any other subject. "Sometimes, with the fatalism of Turks, they declare that imports make exports—a sophism too absurd to require contradiction. When asked to explain the enormous excess of our imports over our exports—528 millions sterling, or, deducting re-exports, 462½ millions sterling, against 283 millions—they retort with a facetious inquiry if it is not good business to get a pound in exchange for twelve shillings? If it were proved, or even provable, that the foreigner was fool enough to give us a pound in exchange for twelve shillings, such facetious consolation might pass; but, unhappily, we have not better authority for it than that of Cobden Club pamphleteers, whose chief stock-in-trade consists of axioms manufactured for the occasion. How we have so far contrived to pay for 462½ millions sterling of imports with 283 millions of exports will be a standing conundrum in political economy for years to come." As a matter of fact of course we know how they have been paid for. The essential point is have they attained proportions beyond which they cannot go without

risk of national insolvency? On the question whether we are or are not living on our capital, Mr. W. H. Mallock in the "Nineteenth Century" and Mr. Inglis Palgrave in the "National Review" have much that is instructive if not conclusive to say. Mr. Mallock thinks that "our apparent prosperity is in a certain sense real" and that "we are not living on our capital". Mr. Palgrave is concerned chiefly with the possible exhaustion of our mines, and asks whether we can maintain our position for long without a severe effort of economy? "When our mineral resources are exhausted it is difficult to see where else we can turn" and the homely proverb "you cannot eat your cake and have it" rises instinctively to his mind. "An American View of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals" given by Mr. Robt. Ellis Thompson in the "Fortnightly" is that "if it be merely a question of economy, could not England better afford to spend, not £8,000,000 but £80,000,000 a year on measures to promote effectively the growth of wheat than to go on increasing her ships of war on the principle that her navy must more than equal any other two navies in the world?" Mr. Lionel Phillips in the "Nineteenth Century" thinks that "a protective policy for Great Britain would operate in the direction of general free trade" by compelling other nations to open doors now closed to us.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford writing in the "Fortnightly" on the Macedonian revolt is of course anti-Turk in every line, but when he says that "there are not the makings of a harmonious nation in Macedonia" he seems to confess that not much could be hoped from destruction of the Sultan's rule. In the same Review Miss Gertrude Atherton describes the characteristics of the American husband—an article which may be read in conjunction with Miss F. A. Doughty's on "The Small Family and American Society" in the "Nineteenth Century". Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in the "Nineteenth Century" demands an imperial policy in dealing with the alien immigrant. How can we hope to breed an imperial race, he asks, if we allow the undesirable alien to pauperise our poor? In the "Monthly Review" Mr. Goldwin Smith makes the royal visit to Ireland an excuse for some remarks on Home Rule, and shows that the alternative to legislative union is independence. In the "National Review" Mr. Rice Holmes criticises the crusade against the classics. In "Blackwood's" Sigma continues his amusing personalia, gossiping this month about Thackeray and Rossetti, Trollope and Boehm and other artists and authors.

For This Week's Books see page 310.

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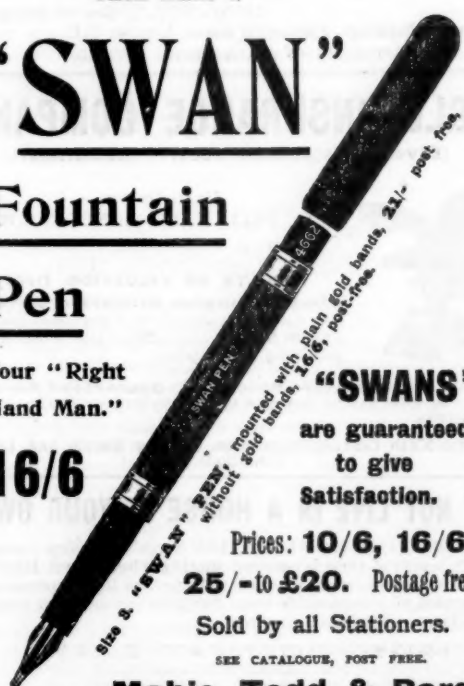
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